THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 631
The German Elections — Statesman or Politician? — Politics in Ireland — Opium — Minor Notes

Celebrating Victory Day in Italy 637
Civic Discord and Mourning Wreaths

Henry Cabot Lodge . . . . . S. K. RATCLIFFE 639
An English Appraisal of an American Statesman

Christmas Legends in Dalecarlia . . KARL ERIK FORSSLUND 642
Pagan Survivals in Christian Rites

The Horse, the Automobile, and the Caterpillar
La Fontaine Up-to-date GENERAL DE CUGNAC 647

Angora, City of Disenchantment. II . . PAUL BERTHELET 649

In Russia's Borderlands. III . . . . DR. ERICH OBST 653

Memories of My Father . . . . SIR FRANCIS DARWIN 657
Reminiscences of the Younger Darwin

The Evasive Christmas Tree . . . . GEORGES POPOFF 659

Literary Forgeries . . . . . 'PENGUIN' 663

The Play-Readers . . . . . H. M. WALBROOK 665

Hymns of Mahatmaji's Fast 668

Saddlebags. *A Costa Rican Sketch* . LUIS DOBLES SEGREDA 669

A Page of Verse 672
A Christmas Song

Life, Letters, and the Arts 673
The Greatest Living Writer — Prospective Fate of Arnold Bennett — Shocking Berlin — Doctors at the Theatre — Modern Epigrams — The French Playgoer — The Life-Saving Astronomer — Meeting Karl Marx — 'Eye-Rimes' — Where Sherlock Holmes Got His Name

Books Abroad 677
MacDonald as Diplomatist — The Fugger News-Letters — The Naval Side of British History — Priscilla and Charybdis

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

$5.00 a Year 15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N. H.
Foreign Postage, $1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pulse of the World

The busy reader wants to get at the gist of affairs and the real facts of what is going on in the world with directness and without circumlocution.

The view of the world and its doings gathered from the reading of indiscriminate magazines and newspapers is necessarily partial and imperfect.

The Manchester Guardian *Weekly*

is specially edited to give the reader a comprehensive view of the world's salient happenings each week without distortion or suppression of facts.

Its news columns are uncolored by propaganda; its editorial opinion is always unbiased; its reviews of current literature, music and the drama are always illuminating and not hackneyed adulations.

A special feature of The Manchester Guardian Weekly is its survey by skilled translators of the press of foreign nations giving you week by week the substance of how other peoples are thinking on topics of world interest.

In more than sixty countries readers find that given a half hour each week, The Manchester Guardian Weekly registers for them the pulse of the world, keeping them in touch with all vital happenings and all important new currents of thought.

[*Mail Coupon Below*]

GUARDIAN NEWSPAPERS, INC.
220 West 42nd Street
New York City

I enclose three dollars for a year's subscription to THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY, to be mailed to me direct from Manchester, England, commencing with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

OXFORD BOOKS

THE BELTON ESTATE

By Anthony Trollope — *Nett* 80c

"Were an examination in Trollope a thing of practical import, the examining board would be wise to make this book the test question of their paper.
Michael Sadleir, Excursions in Victorian Bibliography.
The World's Classics, No. 251.

ISRAEL BEFORE CHRIST

An Account of Social and Religious Development in the Old Testament

By A. W. F. Blunt — *Net* $1.00

This is the only book in English which attempts to give a clear picture of the Social and Historical background of the Old Testament.
"Mr. Blunt has developed his subject with a keen interest in its human and social as well as its historical values."— *New York Times.*

INDIAN PAINTING UNDER THE MUGHALS A. D. 1550 to A. D. 1750

By Percy Brown — *Net* $35.00

"The word 'sumptuous' is emphatic and not to be used slightly. But if a stronger adjective as descriptive were at our command we would use it in describing this engrossing study. Into all public libraries and into the home library of every lover of art this superb book should go."— *Boston Transcript.*

CATULLUS

Translated by Sir William Marris — $1.70

"This beautiful book, of vest-pocket size, carries, charmingly translated, all the quaint conceits of that merry, though sometimes irascible Latin poet, Catullus. They are agreeable and acceptable respite in the hustle and scurry of this day."— *New York Evening Post.*

A HISTORY OF THE TORY PARTY 1640-1714

By Keith Feiling — *Net* $6.00

The book pays a fine tribute to the lasting value to political theory of a party that contains the names of some of the greatest Englishmen of the 17th and 18th Centuries.

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN PHILOSOPHY

By C. E. M. Joad — *Net* $1.00

Reviews for the layman the conclusions of modern thought, explaining in non-technical language the attitude of modern schools.

WHITE JACKET

By Herman Melville — *Nett* 80c

The incidents portrayed were the outcome of the author's own experiences on board the U. S. Frigate, "United States." Moby Dick by Herman Melville was published last year. Typee and Omoo will be published shortly.

Oxford University Press

American Branch — 35 W. 32d St. New York

PRODUCED BY ProQuest
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 323 — *DECEMBER 20, 1924* — NO. 4198

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

THE first returns from the German elections confirm the general expectation that the Moderate parties of the Centre and Left would make heavy gains at the polls, and be able to control the Government in coalition. In the last Reichstag the Social Democrats and the German Nationalists had approximately equal delegations — 100 Socialists and 96 Nationalists in a house of 472 members. The next parties in order of strength were the Clerical Centre, with 65 members; the Communists with 62, and Ludendorff's German Fascist Party with 44. The Democrats, whose programme is somewhat similar to that of the Liberals in Great Britain, saw their delegation reduced to 28.

The Nationalists, like the Conservatives in Great Britain, are not a party of unanimously reactionary tendencies. They draw the votes of a large Conservative middle-class and farming element, such as exists in every Western European country as well as in our own, and they enjoy the prestige that a reputation for matter-of-fact sobriety and 'safe and sane policies' usually gives. During the campaign Chancellor Marx, although their opponent, admitted that a Cabinet in which the Nationalists were represented would probably enjoy more authority at home than one composed of Moderates and Radicals; but he argued that people abroad would interpret the presence of Nationalist ministers in the Government as a threat to the success of the Dawes Plan. This provoked the rather ludicrous retort from a Nationalist leader that his party's reactionary manifestoes were merely a protest against the political cowardice of the German people, and that once in power the Nationalists would take no steps to destroy the constructive work that their predecessors had accomplished.

In fact, the Nationalists were badly divided on the Dawes issue. Early in the campaign their party leader, Herr Hergt, resigned, apparently disgusted by what he considered the lack of backbone shown by his more tolerant followers. On the other hand, the Nationalists have just reëlected Prince Otto von Bismarck, a grandson of the Iron Chancellor, who entered the Reichstag last May, like the young

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gladstone, 'a rising hope of stern, unbending Tories,' but who voted for the Dawes bills and was regarded by ultra-Junkers as an apostate for that reason.

The practical elimination of Ludendorff's *Deutsche Volkspartei*, which polled more than two and one half million votes at the May election, is a significant blow to Fascist intrigue against the Republic. It may measure the decline in Ludendorff's personal popularity more than it does a recession of the principles his Party endorses. Ludendorff wrecked his reputation in Bavaria, where he has resided most of the time since the war, by coming into conflict with Crown Prince Rupprecht, his fellow Monarchist, in a controversy arising out of the defeat of the Hitler revolt a year ago. Ludendorff bluntly ascribed the failure of that enterprise to Rupprecht's treachery. The latter appealed for redress to a court of honor of Bavarian officers, whose jurisdiction Ludendorff refused to accept. The episode degenerated into an unseemly squabble, in which both gentlemen sacrificed prestige. A Munich correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* observed: —

> The Bavarian Clericals have managed to strip the quarrelsome general of his prestige, and he is now a fallen demigod. But in doing so they have also tarnished Rupprecht's halo, so that the Monarchist cause, even in Bavaria, has become, if not actually ridiculous, at least somewhat discredited. *Der König* — that is Prince Rupprecht — has been demeaned to an ordinary party politician; and 'the King's word' has lost its awesome sanctity. Consequently it is not the Bavarian Monarchists but their opponents who will 'carry home the bacon.'

The bitter hostility Monarchists cherish for the Republic is illustrated by a resolution adopted by the Conservative members of the Potsdam Municipal Council, after the Republican Marching Clubs — *Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold* — had paraded in that city. This resolution demanded that the police should see that similar 'insulting demonstrations by strangers in a place holy to the memory of the old imperial colors — *Schwarz-Weiss-Rot* — do not occur again.' In other words, the flag of the Republic was not to fly in the old Hohenzollern city.

But by no means all the discord was among the Junkers. If the Centre or Clerical Party fails to make as good a showing as was anticipated in the present election, this will be ascribed in a large measure to its own internal dissensions. The Roman Catholic Trade-Unions, headed by Stegerwald, who are particularly strong in Western Germany, have been well disposed toward the Conservatives, and inclined to coquette with the idea of joining them in a ministerial coalition. On the other hand, former Chancellor Wirth, who was at one time the undisputed leader of the Party, sympathizes with the Moderate Socialists, whose support he had and whose foreign policy he endorsed when he was at the head of the Government.

The decline of Communism in Germany, although it seems at the moment of writing to be resurgent in France, probably measures the restored confidence of the working people in the existing Government; and this in turn is directly due to improving economic conditions, following the stabilization of the currency and the inauguration of the Dawes régime. *Frankfurter Zeitung* declared during the campaign that the Left and Centre Parties, the defenders of Republican liberty, were filled with a confidence and a 'will to victory' that they had not possessed before. 'The suffocating sense of oppression that weighed upon Germany at the time of last May's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

election, and sapped our vigor and drove people to extremism on the Right and on the Left, has happily vanished.'

❋

STATESMAN OR POLITICIAN?

RARELY has the death of an American public man drawn from British editors so much characteristic comment, expressive of the degree of understanding and misunderstanding between the two nations, as that of Senator Lodge. The *Manchester Guardian* thus characterized him: —

A son of Boston, a scholar and historian with a shelfful of volumes to his name, and the recipient of honorary degrees from half a dozen famous universities. To his own countrymen he was, indeed, known as the 'scholar in politics,' a phrase which clung about him to the end and created a legend, and in fact meant nothing at all. For there was nothing more remote from the idea of the 'philosopher made king' than Senator Lodge. He became the very embodiment of the rock-ribbed party-man. He was, as even those said who approved of his attitude toward the Versailles Treaty and President Wilson, the 'partisan practising politician,' and they added that if, in the Congressional Directory, he named no enduring, constructive achievement of his own as a national legislator, it was because there was none that he could name. . . . If we say that he was a first-rate party-man but not a statesman, we have the support of the sympathetic and understanding among his countrymen.

The London *Times* said that 'Boston, Bunker Hill, and the Civil War' determined his character and views.

He was a very stalwart American, of a type that is fast vanishing, and though he cherished the memories of the War of Independence, and maintained a traditional and, it may be hoped, obsolete antagonism to England, the disappearance of such a remarkable figure cannot but be felt as a loss. His rigidity, his resentment against England, and his distrust of Europe represented an important element in the complex process by which the American national character is being formed. His spirit was essentially that of the pioneer who had cut loose from the old world and was determined to make a new world of his own. He was possessed with the idea of the separate and special individuality of America and of the perpetual need for keeping that individuality untrammeled, utterly free to develop its instincts and energies in the continent in which Providence had given it room and great opportunity. For that reason the attempt to etherealize American ideals, to make them elastic and cosmopolitan, seemed to him to be a mere evasion of patriotic duty. . . .

Personally Senator Lodge was very sensitive to European culture. He was a scholar of the New England type, whose literary tradition is still closely connected with England. It was perhaps just because he felt this vital connection that he insisted so vehemently on American independence long after it was absolutely and irrevocably assured. Perhaps many of the implications of modern American life escaped him — the significance of vast economic changes, the shortening of distance, the mingling of diverse populations. He might have been a pioneer anxiously taking breath when his cause was won. He could never forget Bunker Hill.

But it remained for the London *Outlook* to print the most flavorsome comment of all: —

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who has just died, was a survival of a bygone age of American politics. He was the last of the statesmen of the New England tradition. Though a man of fine but narrow type, he suffered from the complex that Boston was the Hub of the Universe and that New England represented the apex of American civilization and patriotism. He harked back to the traditions of the Revolution and the Civil War, and consequently much that is most vital in American life escaped him. He could not understand the new type of American that was bred in the Middle and Far West. These new Americans, he felt, were drifting further and further away from the ideals of New England. He belonged to the culture of the *Atlantic*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monthly; they to the crudities of the *Saturday Evening Post* [*Pace* our excellent contemporary!]. Personally he was in close sympathy with the English literary tradition, and perhaps that very fact made him all the more hostile to England politically. He was President Wilson's unrelenting enemy, and it was largely through his bitter opposition that America turned down the League of Nations. The ironic thing is that Senator Lodge fought until the very end for what he considered American political independence, when it had long since been achieved, though not exactly in accordance with his Bostonian theories.

✽

POLITICS IN IRELAND

THE *Irish Statesman*, which is a vigorous supporter of the Free State Government, criticized the Republicans bitterly for putting up a separate ticket in North Ireland at the recent general election for the British Parliament. The argument was that this divided the anti-Ulster vote and enabled the Unionists to carry the election without effective opposition. Now comes a 'Northern Presbyterian' who criticizes the *Irish Statesman* for this attitude and incidentally brings out the fact that not all Protestants in Ireland are either Unionists or Free-Staters. This feature of the letter will probably be of principal interest to many American readers. The writer says: —

> You forget that in eleven out of the thirteen constituencies the Republicans polled nearly 40,000 votes. Had any party polled a similiar number over all British constituencies, it would have meant a total vote of over 1,600,000, more than half the number polled by the great historic Liberal Party, more than twice as many as was polled for generations by the Independent Labor Party. A truly negligible quantity! You are a statesman! But when we look into the situation the result is still more remarkable. Against what odds did the Republicans contend? Every Catholic who voted Republican did so against the denunciations of nearly every altar and under fear of eternal punishment; and every Protestant who voted Republican did so under dread of the Orange menace, and of all grades of 'Specials' and R. U. C.'s; and everyone, Catholic or Protestant, who voted Republican, did so not knowing whether he might be accompanying de Valera in Crumlin Road before Christmas or not; and after all many Republicans knew that the issue was a foregone conclusion, and what was the good of him or her running such risks for, apparently, so little purpose, and yet nearly 40,000 recorded their votes for men whom most of them had never seen or heard of before. The Unionist Press claims that great numbers of Catholics voted Unionist in Tyrone and Fermanagh and elsewhere; be that as it may, I know for a certainty that great numbers of those who voted Republican were Protestants, mostly Presbyterians, the leaders and pioneers of Republicanism in Ireland.

At last month's by-elections in South Ireland, the Republicans and Free-Staters divided honors evenly, the former winning North Mayo and Dublin, and the latter Cork City and East Cork.

Cork appears to be making a lively municipal history just now, for the Dublin Cabinet recently dissolved the City Corporation by sealed order, on the grounds that the Lord Mayor and his aides had not effectively discharged their duties, that the city finances were in an unsatisfactory state, and that the public health had been gravely imperiled by laxity in sanitary administration. The Ministry appointed the Town Clerk a commissioner — apparently City Manager pro tem. — to carry on the duties of the Corporation.

✽

OPIUM

A CERTAIN interest in regimenting ourselves and others, which we share with the British, but in which we sometimes go our transatlantic cousins

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one better, made the proceedings of the two Opium Conferences at Geneva better news in this country than they were in Europe. England deals with this question with some reserve, for it touches both her pocketbook and ticklish phases of her administration in India. Although the native, anti-Government press in that part of the Empire is ready to use the present opium-policy to discredit the authorities, suppression of the traffic would probably be very unpopular among the masses of the people. The Hindus 'eat opium' because they believe it protects them against disease; and faith works wonders in that country.

Consequently the Conferences dealt principally with the international trade in opium and opium products — in which India is interested, to be sure, but as an exporting country rather than as a consumer. Japan, which has built up a thriving pharmaceutical and drug manufacture, especially since the beginning of the World War, has acquired thereby an interest in the opium trade that she did not formerly possess. No Government would be less inclined to encourage a traffic likely to spread a pernicious habit among its own people, but the Japanese are not at present opium-smokers. An active and more or less illicit traffic in morphine, heroin, and other opium products, has sprung up between Japan and the Asiatic mainland, where modern forms of 'taking dope' are beginning to compete with opium-smoking among the Chinese, and a growing market is being created in Siberia and farther west.

Meanwhile poppy-cultivation has been extending in China, where it was prohibited for a time, because it affords the tuchuns a convenient source of revenue. The Peking correspondent of the *Times* says that last year China produced twenty-five million pounds of opium, as compared with about three million pounds raised in all the other countries. So long as the authority of the Central Government is defied in the provinces, and the provincial rulers find it profitable to encourage raising opium, this condition is likely to continue. Fukien, Kiangsi, and Shensi are deriving taxes from the cultivation of the poppy estimated to exceed $10,000,000 in American currency. According to this correspondent: —

> The actual smoking is enormously on the increase. There is no difficulty in obtaining the drug in quantity in Peking, but here prohibition is in force, and the business is surreptitious. The police are active at the railway stations, and constantly make confiscations, which are periodically burned in public. Generally speaking the use of the drug is not so common in North as in Central and South China. But in the latter areas every town has its opium dens by the score, and every city by the hundreds, where the poor can indulge without restriction at a trifling cost. The well-to-do smoke in private, and all classes are again taking to the habit, with the exception of the small Christian community and most of the foreign-educated element. At many points production has outrun the demand, with the result that there is so large a balance that local consumption is greatly stimulated.

✤

MINOR NOTES

Not long ago members of the 'Hungarian Wide-Awakes,' a reactionary organization, threw a bomb into the midst of a gathering of the Jewish Women's League at Csongrád, killing a number of innocent people. The affair was investigated by a government commissioner, representing the Hungarian Minister of the Interior, and the accused made a complete confession. The court, however, brought in a verdict of not guilty on the plea that the accused had been constrained by the police to confess to murder. This incident might

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have passed without attracting attention — at least outside of Hungary — had it not led to the resignation of the Minister of Justice, who declined to be responsible for the maintenance of public order under such conditions.

GREAT BRITAIN has set out in a serious and practical way to solve the problem of building with the utmost expedition cheap houses for the working people. At a Glasgow demonstration of specimen steel cottages fabricated under a system of mass production, the actual operation of putting up a house, after the foundation had set, was from ten to fourteen days. These buildings rest on a concrete 'raft' with a damp-proof course throughout, and the outer walls consist of wood framing covered on the outside with steel plates and finished inside with tar paper and composition board. They contain a large living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen, pantry, coal cellar, and bathroom, and can be built for less than $2000. Several other types, costing about the same amount and likewise fabricated on a quantity basis, are already in the market.

THE ZINOVIEV LETTER

A man of mystery and many names:
At Propaganda's urge he 's looped the loop,
Consigned the blessed Treaty to the flames,
And left poor Mac, indignant, in the soup.
— *Passing Show*

ZINOVIEV. I declare that the writer of that letter is a scoundrel and a fake.
ENGLISHMAN. I don't doubt it for a moment
— *Roelj*, Berlin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CELEBRATING VICTORY DAY IN ITALY

From *La Tribuna, November 5*
(ROME PRO-FASCIST DAILY)

[THIS is a regular newspaper version of what occurred in Rome on the fourth of last November, taken from a journal friendly to the present Government. Similar incidents marred these ceremonies at several other places.]

BEFORE 10 A.M. the marchers who were to participate in the great procession began to gather at the halls of their different organizations, at appointed public buildings, and in the principal squares of the suburbs and the centre of the city. Then they marched in separate detachments to the Villa Umberto, amid a magnificent display of banners and garlands. Bands played everywhere as the separate divisions assembled in their appointed places. On all sides one beheld officers in full dress uniforms, citizens covered with decorations, Black Shirts, and members of the Veterans' Society. So dense was the throng of spectators and so numerous were the marchers that it took a considerable time to marshal the parade. It was led by municipal guards and police in full dress uniform. Immediately behind a detachment of *carabinieri* was borne a wonderful great wreath, plaited of the fairest flowers gathered from a hundred gardens along the Ligurian coast, which the Italian Veterans were to lay upon the tomb of their unknown comrade. Around it were carried the brilliant flags of every local post of the Veterans' Society.

At the head of this section marched the warriors who had won gold medals, followed in order by war cripples, volunteers, members of the *Nastro Azzurrio*, the *Arditi*, the *Combattenti*, retired officers, patriotic associations, the territorials, and the Veterans.

Fascisti stood in formation along the streets connecting the Giardino del Lago with the Piazza del Popolo; a great number of them were also marching with the Combattenti. The *Italia Libera* group had gathered within the Villa Umberto close to the gate that opens upon the Flaminian Piazza. Standing in this group were General Peppino Garibaldi, wearing his military decorations on his breast, his brother Sante, a son of the heroic martyr, Cesare Battisti, and the gold-medalist Ciamarra.

The parade had already proceeded a little distance down Corso Umberto I, and the band of the carabinieri and the first wreaths were about opposite Via del Macello, when a fusillade of revolver shots was heard from the centre and farther end of the Piazza del Popolo. Panic immediately seized upon the spectators. The marchers broke formation and scattered in all directions. This shooting lasted about ten minutes, during which a lively scrimmage occurred among the people nearest to the Obelisk.

What had happened? It is very difficult to reconstruct the scene and to unravel the truth from the various contradictory and excited versions of the participants. The authorities, basing their report upon the earliest evidence, say that the members of the Italia Libera, with Peppino and Sante Garibaldi at their head, and carrying their tricolored flag, were marshaled in great numbers at the gate of the Villa Umberto, with a local body of Roman Fascisti just behind them. Italia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Libera pushed ahead at a quick pace, apparently trying to take a position in the parade just behind the detachment of war cripples. When its members reached the middle of the Piazza, the Fascisti behind and in the Piazza heard shouts of 'Down with Fascism!' They immediately started to show their displeasure. The first shots, according to the police, were fired by Italia Libera. The Fascisti replied by shooting in the air, and at the same time attempted to disperse their adversaries with clubs and canes.

On the other hand, the members of Italia Libera declare that they made no effort to get ahead of the place assigned them in the parade, nor did they raise shouts hostile to the Fascisti. They suddenly found themselves surrounded and attacked, not by Roman Fascisti, who were behind them, but by Venetian 'Red Devils,' who had arrived at Rome nobody knows how nor when. This is the Fascist organization that has already been implicated in other violent affairs. Italia Libera resisted the attack, firing in the air. According to their version the whole trouble started because the Fascisti tried to keep Italia Libera from participating in the parade.

This is the substance of two contradictory versions as to how the trouble began. From here the rioting spread, apparently without any effective effort being made by the police to stop it. The leaders of Italia Libera, Peppino and Sante Garibaldi, Giampietro, and several others, took refuge in the entry of No. 18 Corso Umberto I. The procession was interrupted by the rioting and by the arrival of carabinieri and officials. Several injured men were taken to Saint James's Hospital, but none of them was suffering from gunshot-wounds.

Wild reports of what was occurring at once spread like wildfire in every direction, and several companies of carabinieri were ordered out of their barracks.

Little by little the procession was re-formed, and the war cripples, with their banner and their wreath, were able to proceed, followed by the association of Combattenti, the local Fascist societies, and the trade-unions at the end. But turbulent elements were busy spreading alarming rumors along the line of march, so that the crowd of spectators rapidly dispersed and many members of the parade deserted it and went home. Part of Italia Libera detoured through side streets to the Piazza di Venezia.

The war cripples were highly indignant at hearing what was happening in the Piazza del Popolo, and condemned unsparingly those responsible for disturbing a ceremony to commemorate the heroism of men who lost their lives or limbs defending their country. Believing that the trouble had been provoked by the Fascisti, they raised cries of hostility to Fascism as they passed in front of the Palazzo Chigi. Thereupon Fascisti belonging to certain groups outside of Rome renewed their attacks, and from this time on the procession degenerated into a series of local riots, where men hurled violent invectives and physically assaulted each other, but fortunately without causing serious bloodshed. Thus the marchers, half-dispersed and disorganized, made their way the best they could to the Piazza di Venezia, where the fighting was renewed more violently than ever.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY CABOT LODGE

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

From the *New Statesman, November* 15
(London Liberal-Labor Weekly)

To the man who believes in the science of history, as expounded by a Marx or a Buckle, I commend for study the career of Henry Cabot Lodge, who died on November 9, at the age of seventy-four. He was a Senator in Washington for thirty years and, of course, was the destroyer of Woodrow Wilson.

'We must not forget the Boston Tea-party,' said Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, to Lord Robert Cecil, in the course of an argument at the Foreign Office in 1916. The party was held, in a picturesque winter setting, one hundred and fifty years ago; but to Senator Lodge and many of his contemporaries in Massachusetts its freshness was like that of a last summer's picnic. It colored his memory and shaped his politics. From the day in December 1773 when, as Carlyle has it, Boston Harbor was black with unaccustomed tea, to the day of the Senate vote against the Treaty and Covenant of Versailles, it is, for the eye of historic faith, a fairly simple step.

Senator Lodge, born in Boston in 1850, was an American of singular good fortune. Life offered him as tempting a chance for enjoyable experience as could be found anywhere in the modern world. He was born into a favored society, went to Harvard, wrote many books, and gave the larger part of his energies to the pursuit of politics. For half a lifetime he has been an American institution, in education and habit curiously out of accord with the newer America. In modern England there is no analogue to him.

In his *Early Memories*, an excellent book of its kind, Lodge gives a full picture of the community in which he grew up. Boston of the mid-century was the mother of the Union men — Webster and Sumner and Wendell Phillips — who made the Civil War and liberated the slaves. It has been described by many contemporaries, and notably by one as accomplished as any American writer of his time — Lodge's elder and friend, the author of *The Education of Henry Adams*. What mattered most in the making of Senator Lodge was the Boston tradition — especially, of course, its political state of mind.

Henry Adams thus describes it: —

> The atmosphere of education in which he lived was colonial, revolutionary, almost Cromwellian, as though he were steeped, from his greatest grandmother's birth, in the odor of political crime. . . . The New Englander, whether boy or man, in his long struggle with a stingy or hostile universe, had learned also to love the pleasure of hating; his joys were few. Politics as a practice, whatever its professions, had always been the systematic organization of hatreds, and Massachusetts politics had been as harsh as the climate.

English standards ruled; the true Bostonian, according to Adams, always knelt in self-abasement before their majesty. And yet the political tone of the Boston worthies was that of the American Revolutionary War. Lodge, in his *Memories*, tells us what it meant as regards the old Massachusetts attitude toward the Mother Country: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had a wholly vague, but none the less deep-rooted, hostility to England. This feeling was traditional, and in the air, but I am sure that I derived mine from my father.

During the Civil War he imbibed a fresh draught of hatred for England; and it is particularly interesting in these days to note his remark that the feeling was stimulated by such things as the tone of the English newspapers on the great fight between Sayers and Heenan. This, says he, was his 'first experience of what is called fair play in England.' The point here is that, although the foundation was a political memory, the feeling itself went far beyond the limits of political opinion and sentiment. Manners had much to do with it, and no Englishman need wish to deny that certain prominent Victorian statesmen and men of letters carried their share of responsibility. And there is the further point that the American complex was, in members of the governing groups, a contradiction in terms. Lodge himself was a complete example of this. He was wholly English in blood, English, says Adams, 'to the last fibre of his thought — saturated with English literature, English tradition, and English thought; revolted by every vice and by most virtues of Frenchmen and Germans, or any other Continental standards.'

Throughout his political life the bias of his youth persisted. Lodge could be counted upon as an opponent of British policy. As a member of Congress in his earlier period he not only would have kept English merchandise out of the United States, but would have clapped a penal tariff upon all goods carried to American ports in English vessels. In foreign affairs generally he was a thoroughgoing American imperialist. As such he was entirely consistent and could be easily understood by our Conservatives. He was against tariff reciprocity with Canada. He opposed, with marked effect, the British claim over the Alaska Boundary. He stood, inevitably, with President Cleveland in the threat of war with England over Venezuela. He was horrified in 1914, when President Wilson, agreeing with the British Government in the matter of the Panama tolls, appealed to Congress in the memorable message for settlement on the terms of a simple affair of honor.

As regards the Monroe Doctrine, that basic American scripture, Senator Lodge was, of course, for rigor and vigor. The Senate resolution of 1912, affirming that no foreign corporation should be allowed to acquire territory on the American Continent, was for him elementary. It was, he argued, a precedent no broader than 'that created by Great Britain when she protested against the acquisition of a naval base in Morocco by Germany.'

These things being so, there can be no difficulty in seeing why Lodge and Woodrow Wilson were predestined enemies. It would, indeed, be hard to imagine any possible course of events which could have tempered or turned their mutual enmity, while the circumstance of his being, at the end of the war, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, gave Lodge the advantage of position that was fatal to the President.

Lodge, as it happened, was not of those Republicans who held that the United States should have intervened before 1917. Nor was he of those, like his fellow Senators, Borah and La Follette, who were opposed by political breeding and thought to America's connection with any League of Nations. He was a friend of Roosevelt and of John Hay. He belonged to that Republican school which, through the influences of forty years, should have been ready for membership in a World

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

League. But he could accept no scheme from a Democratic President, and his personal feeling toward Wilson seems to have been pure hatred. In 1918 he demanded a dictated peace. The Fourteen Points infuriated him. A few days after Wilson landed in Europe he made a speech in the Senate which plainly foreshadowed the rejection of any Covenant that might be produced under Wilson's influence. And when the President, on returning from America to complete his work in Paris, announced that the two parts of the Pact were so interwoven that nothing could pull them apart Lodge confirmed his resolve to destroy both Treaty and Covenant, and their sponsor with them.

The blame, or the essential failure, was doubtless Wilson's. The Senator was in a position from which the President could not dislodge him. He could not be reasoned with but he might have been outmanœuvred. The Reservations he drafted had no interest for himself. Their purpose was merely to destroy the Covenant. Wilson could have found safety with the group of his opponents, known as 'mild reservationists,' which included Mr. Charles Evans Hughes and Mr. Elihu Root. But neither President nor Senator was in any mood for give-and-take. They hated one another, and expected no quarter. 'I am fighting Woodrow Wilson,' said Lodge; and as he stepped out of the Presidency Wilson curtly remarked to Lodge that he had no word to say.

I do not know whether, when Harding formed his Cabinet in 1921, the Secretaryship of State was open to Lodge. Certainly he did not want it. The Senate, and the control of its Foreign Relations Committee, was the post of his choice. From that post he kept watch over the White House and the State Department. Mr. Hughes was for the League of Nations; he had declared himself before the Republican victory of 1920. President Harding — good, easy man — would have been glad to lead America into the League, or to do anything else that might seem to be for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But Lodge was watchdog in the Senate; and at the London Embassy, in the centre of things, was Mr. George Harvey, his efficient ally. After the Washington Conference on Disarmament President Harding made one definite move, not toward Geneva, but toward The Hague. He addressed the Senate on behalf of the World Court of International Justice, urging, with reservations, the adoption of the scheme drafted by his much-enduring Secretary of State. The Senate was near the moment of dissolution. At a word from Lodge it ignored the President's appeal and passed on to the next business.

And now for the last chapter. The relation between Lodge and President Coolidge will one day be made known. In Massachusetts the politicians understand quite well that the remarkable career of Calvin Coolidge would not have been possible without the interested backing of Senator Lodge. In 1920 Mr. Coolidge, suddenly famous as Governor of the State on account of the Boston police strike, became a possibility as presidential nominee — but not in the view of Senator Lodge, whose cautious influence steered him into the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Coolidge did not mind; he had faith in his star. And when accident lifted him into the White House Mr. Coolidge quietly put the Senator aside. The President took up his predecessor's advocacy of the World Court. The Senator, in a mood of solemn frivolity, produced a private alternative scheme of his own. Mr. Coolidge had no need to mention that it was less than a stillbirth. When the Republicans met at Cleveland in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June to nominate Mr. Coolidge, they found that the old guard of party bosses, commanded by Lodge and his friends, had been noiselessly shelved by a President who, in one cardinal trait, is the double of Conrad's Captain in *Typhoon:* he knows no reason why a man should use words to explain what he does. Senator Lodge could not for an instant be in doubt as to what had happened. He went. He was six years older than Wilson, but a far tougher man. We must count him, like his adversary, a casualty of the Peace.

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS IN DALECARLIA

BY KARL ERIK FORSSLUND

From *Julstämning*, 1923
(Swedish Christmas Annual)

In many Swedish parishes, and especially in Dalecarlia, old people relate in different versions the story of the old woman who set out alone to attend the early service on Christmas morning and thought she was too late. There were no jingling sleigh-bells, no flaming torches, not a vehicle nor a pedestrian on the road. Imagine having overslept on Christmas morning itself! What a disgrace! If only the service is not over before she arrives!

She moved her old limbs as fast as she could. Now she saw the church all illumined, with light streaming from every window. But everything was quiet; not a sound. She stole inside; the church was filled, every seat, and the minister was in the pulpit. Drawing a deep sigh of relief and satisfaction, she sank down in a corner and put her hand before her face. When she looked up again and prepared to listen to the minister she was surprised: she did not know him; it was not her own rector, but a stranger. And when she looked around and scrutinized the people in the pews her astonishment grew. She felt confused; she recognized no one; no neighbors, no acquaintances, could she discover. It was as if she had arrived in another parish.

But look! Here was a face she seemed to recall — and there another, and over there a third. Then she remembered and gave a start — Good Heavens! They had all died some time ago! Gradually she recognized more and more people, but they had all departed long before and been laid away in the cemetery. But now they sat here just as they did formerly; and there stood the minister as though alive — now she remembered him too, she had been present at his funeral, though that must have been about fifty years before.

It was the congregation of the dead she had dropped in upon — the death service. She had not risen too late, but, on the contrary, too early; for exactly at midnight the dead rise from their graves to celebrate their Christmas service before the living gather for theirs. Terrified, she huddled down and made herself as small as possible in her corner. Already it seemed as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if some of them had caught sight of her. She felt curious glances fixed on her from several directions. Then someone leaned forward and whispered to her — it was her own aunt — telling her to slip out as quietly and inconspicuously as possible, otherwise some misfortune might befall her; but she must leave the bookmark in her hymnal behind in the pew. That she did, trying to disappear like a shadow, though she felt more awkward and noisy than ever before in her life. With her heart in her throat she reached the door, but imagined that hundreds of hollow eyes were staring at her back; and when the door slammed behind her, catching her skirt, she almost fell in a faint. Then she noticed that she had not been really caught, a bit of the skirt having been torn off as though burnt.

Homeward she ran as fast as her aged and trembling limbs could carry her — back to her cottage, though it was a long way off. There of course she put the coffeepot on the fire to revive herself with its cheering stimulation. And probably never before had she ever started off in the cold and snow with such joy as when she set out later to attend the real Christmas service — that of the living.

This time innumerable stars twinkled in the blue sky; and almost as many shone on the white earth: lighted candles stood in the windows of every homestead, two long rows, one above the other, in the proud mansions of the big farmers; two single ones, side by side, like two friendly eyes, in the windows of the small cottages. On all roads leading to the church there was a symphony of sleigh bells, and an equally varied display of flickering, sparkling torchlights. At first faintly in the distance, then rising, stronger and richer, the sounds of the bells merged. There were big, deep-throated 'cathedral' bells, almost like little church bells, then small, jingling bells and 'rattle wreaths' with a higher tone and a lighter resonance. These latter resembled the gamboling little butterfly-winged angels on the church ceiling, while the 'cathedral' bells suggested the serious old Apostles on the choir walls. Indeed, the 'cathedral' bells seemed ambitious to sing in the same key as the big church bell; and the smaller bells in the steeple, trying to compete with them as they swung in tremendous circles, pealed out in ecstasy, calling with all the power of their metal lungs, 'Come, come — come, come!'

At first the torches seemed merely flickering points of light, small hovering flames, like will-o'-the-wisps or fireflies. But they grew and ranged themselves in long lines, until they approached swiftly like roaring trains of fire across the lake to the south, along the forest border to the east, through the village street to the west, down from the wooded hills to the north. It was a fairy play, a throng of fiery pennants and glowing caps, glittering and crackling. Toward the church they all hastened; there they gathered, and were set down in the snow or thrown in a pile, making a blazing pyre like a real Walpurgis Night fire. The flames burst up into the sky between the hoarfrost-glittering birches; their reflections spread and fluttered over the snowdrifts, then merged into the candleglow from the church windows and made it seem pale.

This time the old woman was not alone. The long birch-bordered street leading to the church was thronged with people, all wearing freshly chalked white sheepskin garments, with wide, shaggy borders; the men in long fur coats and the women in shorter sheepskin jackets and skirts — an entire population in shiny white clothes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exactly like the birch trees in their array of snow and hoarfrost. And now what a joy to sink down in her familiar pew on the women's side! There she found a torn, half-burned rag, a remnant of the bookmark she had left behind. Probably something similar would have happened to her, had she not saved herself in time. But now all danger was over. Everything was peaceful and pleasant and pretty — new, fine clothes, sheepskin jackets fragrant of the finest lamb's wool, hats and aprons in glowing, bright colors, friendly people all around who bowed to her with calm faces and kindly eyes almost as radiant as the candles in the chandeliers and candlesticks. And then the sermon, the old rector himself with his familiar, quiet voice, the reverberating organ and the hymn: —

'Oh, blessed day we now behold
From Heaven to us descending,'

sung by many hundred voices and so vigorously that walls and arches vibrated. Did not the candleflames themselves seem to join, flickering in time, and rise higher and higher toward the ceiling!

At length it was all over. The people poured out into the churchyard and there was life and motion in the breaking dawn. Still it was only twilight, but in the east a red streak appeared behind the hoarfrost designs of the birch branches, and the lighted windows began to dim like eyes tired with watching and glad to be allowed to close and go to sleep. Now the horses were led out of the small gray church stables — inside the men had probably taken a 'bracer,' and perhaps given the horses a 'lacing' to liven them up for the journey homeward. And sure enough there was speed — the wildest racing, with shouts and laughter, but with a serious purpose underneath, because the one arriving home first from the Christmas-morning service would be the first to have his year's crop safely garnered.

Christmas is not, and never has been, a festival of the sun, modern scientists say. A northern sun-worship has probably never existed. Christmas was originally a festival of the dead, going back to heathen times and celebrated at a different season of year from now, in connection with the *Disa Ting* and *Disa Blot*, when sacrifices were made to the *Disir* — that is, the spirits of the dead.

A survival of a similar sacrifice to the Disir is found in our times — the bowl of porridge which the peasant puts outside on Christmas night for the house dwarf; for these house dwarfs are, in all probability, old Disir, or family spirits, to which were made sacrifices of food and drink. The house dwarf is therefore the ancestor of the family, its good genius, who is unable to leave his own home, but who prefers to walk about there, puttering around and helping out, although seldom seen — and if ever visible, on some Christmas night. And he asks little pay — only a bowl of porridge and milk at Christmastide.

Our own eating and drinking at Christmas was a sacrificial festival to the spirits of the dead; that night all ghosts were liberated, rising out of the ground in order to hold their own early Christmas service. It is related that, once upon a time, a minister happened to arrive too early on Christmas morning and found the church full of people and two other ministers in full canonicals before the altar. He pushed in between them and began to read the service and say the prayers, whereupon the church suddenly became dark and quiet and empty.

But the ghosts also came to visit their descendants' homes, formerly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their own. Then it behooved the living to receive them well, for 'Christmas was the festival with which the living greeted the dead.' Candles were lit in the windows to pilot them on their way, the house must be swept and garnished for their reception, chopped fir-twigs or fresh straw must be strewn on the floor, all vessels freshly scoured, all candles dipped, all firewood required for the holidays chopped and stored in the house, and all chores finished, in order that the departed ancestors might not be disturbed during their short return visit aboveground.

Some of the Christmas cheer must be left standing on the table on Christmas night in order that the invisible guests might help themselves and say with the head of the house, 'Let us praise God with food and drink and rejoice in the Lord.'

The spirits of the dead had their home in the dark kingdom under the earth whence all life and all growth originate, — the crops were a gift which they sent up into the light, — so that it was important to be on good terms with them and to entertain them in the best manner possible.

Christmas therefore afforded an opportunity to ensure abundant crops the coming year and to obtain prophecies concerning the next harvest — as by the horse-racing on the way home from the Christmas service. The guests at the Christmas banquet were not confined to the family's ancestral spirits, but included also nature spirits. A strict distinction was not always made between these two classes; the spirit of the dead, the house dwarf, and the spirit of nature, or water sprite, are not invariably regarded as different from each other. In many parts of Dalecarlia the water sprite is always a dwarf; he plays the fiddle and dwells in rapids and waterfalls, at times preferably at some mill which he helps to manage. In Malung he is even called the mill dwarf, and the housewife puts out a bowl of porridge for him on Christmas Eve exactly as for the house dwarf.

These were forces of nature — spirits of growth and gods of fertility. And even though Christmas was not originally their festival, it became so in the course of time, and to a certain extent still remains so. The Christmas garlands that hung on the gate, the Christmas tree in the house, the sheaf of straw in the yard, the straw chandelier and Christmas bird hung from the ceiling above the Christmas table, the Christmas goat or Christmas ram under the Christmas table or astride a beam beneath the ceiling — and his big brother, the live Christmas goat, and surely the other small animals and the fowl in the barn, they also must be made to feel that it was Christmas. They must be fed especially fine hay, and even rolls and biscuits; they must also have their festival and their Christmas service.

If Christmas was originally in the north a gloomy anniversary of the dead, it gradually became brighter, and even before the end of the heathen era seems to have been converted into a happy festival where the higher divinities, Frey and the others, had partly displaced the sepulchral spirits of the earlier period. Finally the teachings of the White Christ reached the north and converted the heathen Christmas into something quite different, although many of its ancient pagan customs still survived.

In fact Christmas was like a big sieve in which everything that was most beautiful, most significant, most potent, and most lively, both in heathendom and in Christendom, remained, while all that was small and trivial and outlived fell through and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blew away. It became the great festival of the entire year, the day of greatest significance, which attracted ceremonies and symbols from a whole series of other festivals and celebrations which had disappeared and were forgotten.

But the central feature of this great observance remains the Christmas sunrise service; that is the real festival of light in the midst of *Fimbul*— winter's dark night. There the powers of darkness and light, of death and life, of the past and the future, struggle at close grips, and that contest has found an expression in a legend, which can be contrasted with the history of the Mass of the Dead. It concerns the troll wedding, and is supposed to be found only in Norway and Sweden, but is there widespread, especially in Dalecarlia, where I have so found at least a score of versions — that is to say, the event is supposed to have taken place in at least a score of different places, of which at least three owe their present name to this fact.

It so happened that a maiden remained alone in the mountains at the summer pasture with the young cattle, in order that they might eat up the fodder so as to avoid carting it home. On Christmas night the trolls entered her shelter and began to dress the girl as a bride and a young troll lad as a bridegroom. But she succeeded in sending her watchdog down into the village with a message. He found her father — in some versions, her betrothed — on his way to the Christmas service. Understanding something to be amiss, the father drove up to the mountain pasture, rushed into the hut, threw his axe, made of tempered steel, over the heads of the whole company so that it stuck in the wall opposite, and the trolls had to flee through the chimney, through cracks in the wall, and through knot-holes. All the costly vessels of their banquet table were converted into junk and lumps of clay, all the succulent food into snakes and frogs and toads. The trolls tried to strip the bride of the costly garments in which they had arrayed her, but failed because she threw her hands crosswise over her chest; or perhaps the bridegroom had not had time to put the ring on her finger, or kiss her, for had that happened she would have been in their power.

Her rescuer dragged her away, carried her to his sled, and drove at top speed down to the village, followed by the howling and jeering trolls. But the latter could not keep up the pace and had to return to their caves and thickets. In the midst of the Christmas service the bridal conveyance reached the church, and here follows the brilliant epilogue of the drama: Into the flood of light enters the bride, the prettiest girl in the parish, wearing the brilliant raiment of the trolls; she proceeds up the centre aisle, tall and beautiful, but with her head bowed. The hymn dies down, the people rise and stare at the brilliant apparition. She walks up into the choir; the minister reads a service over her and all her troll ornaments; and the father puts the bridal crown of solid gold on the altar, making a present of it to the church, to be worn forever afterward by all young virgin brides.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HORSE, THE AUTOMOBILE, AND THE CATERPILLAR

BY GENERAL DE CUGNAC

From *La France Militaire, October 29*
(FRENCH ARMY DAILY)

THE horse, having invited his comrade, the automobile, for an excursion in the country, began to argue with him over their respective merits. When racing on paved highways, or even over dirt roads and trails, the automobile always beat the horse. But the latter had sweet revenge when the automobile tried to follow him across the fields, and laughed heartily to see his clumsy companion brought to a helpless halt by a ploughed field or a meadow ditch.

'I admit you can run faster than I can on a good road,' he said to the automobile, 'but you 're useless as soon as a highway is obstructed. If a bridge is blown up or a shell hole made in the pavement, you are forced to stop with all your convoy behind you. But I jump a ditch and turn an obstacle — nothing stops me.

'You may drag cannon a hundred kilometres a day, to be sure, but you must have my help to place them in a battery a hundred yards from the road. You can't see what 's ahead of you and are always getting into trouble for that reason. You must have me to skirmish on your flanks. You must have the aid of patrols to cross fields, to climb hills, to push through forests and thickets — in a word, to make it safe for you to advance.'

The automobile made no answer, but looked much cast down. His motor knocked, as always happens to an automobile when it is troubled. 'I'm young,' said the automobile. 'Let science improve me. I have the future ahead of me. I am thinking of to-morrow. I represent progress.'

'And I,' said the horse, 'represent tradition. I existed yesterday; my history is the history of the world. Nothing will ever replace me.'

It happened during their walk that they came to a place where the road was bordered by a very deep, broad trench which separated it from a forest enclosed by a wire fence.

'There 's an obstacle that would stop you as well as me,' said the automobile. 'You can't jump that trench or break that fence or cross that forest.'

'Tradition and progress are equally powerless in this particular case,' said the horse, 'but if I can't always travel across country, you must admit that I usually can, and you never can.'

Thus the horse continued to extol his own agility, to boast how indispensable he was for covering columns on the march or in camp. He dwelt upon the helplessness of the automobile when off the beaten track, and all the disabilities that this implied.

The automobile let him talk on, but ceased to listen. He was staring with all his lamps at a tiny creature that had just crossed the road in front of him. With utter absorption he watched it creep supplely through the herbage and bushes toward the forest, surmounting with ease every obstacle.

'Oh, my fine, swift automobile,' said the horse, 'you who eat up distance, how can you waste your time watching stupid creatures like that? I despise

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anything that creeps. All I admire is speed.'

'I 'm learning something,' said the automobile, whose motor had slowed down and was now purring regularly and gently, as motors always do in happy automobiles. 'What 's your name,' he asked the little creature, who had already reached the opposite edge of the trench and was about to disappear into the dense woods beyond.

'My name is Caterpillar,' was the reply.

A year later the automobile invited the horse to make a long journey with him. It began in the Alps. The automobile climbed with ease steep, snow-covered slopes where the horse could not follow him, but the latter objected quite properly that this was a highly specialized sport.

They continued their journey to Algiers. In the sunburnt pastures by the edge of the palm groves, little Arab horses with beautiful manes and long white tails whinnied a joyful welcome to their new comrade, the carriage without wheels, who could follow their footsteps and defy the sun. But they said to themselves: 'This *roumi* is surely mad,' when he decided to keep on south to the country where there is no water. Therefore the astonishment was great indeed in the bivouacs and the douars when a month later they saw the automobile come back, after crossing the desert twice, bringing with it flowers plucked on the banks of the Niger.

The next year the automobile and the horse again met at grand manœuvres. The horse watched with stupefaction auto-caterpillars advance in column along the highways and then cross the fields at eight kilometres an hour. He saw them drag behind their light armor a little cannon or two machine-guns, plunging with them through woods and across ploughed fields, passing trenches and breaking through barbed-wire obstacles, concealing themselves in thickets, taking shelter in gullies, and promptly placing at any point desired their weapons, whose fire was more powerful than that of fifty rifles.

Behind this solid advance long convoys of automobiles driven by charcoal disembarked their infantrymen and their cannon. Other auto-caterpillars descended from great trucks to drag these cannon to their battery position. The horse, who is a good sport, saw that the laugh was on him, and accepted gallantly his defeat.

'Love of tradition,' he said to the automobile, 'ought not to stop progress. Replace me in all the positions where you can now do better than I. I wish you good luck. You may not last as many centuries as I have. Some day another newcomer will replace you in his turn. But for myself, I shall always keep my place in the pursuits of peace — on the bridle path, on the race course, in the domain of sport and fashion, circles where you, with your plebeian marriage to the caterpillar, can never hope to enter.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANGORA, CITY OF DISENCHANTMENT. II

BY PAUL BERTHELET

From *L'Écho de Paris*, *November* 8, 13
(Clerical Daily)

To-day has been marked by a strange manifestation. In obedience to a secret order, the imams, the mullahs, and the hadjis of Angora and the little towns and villages of the neighborhood, and even dervishes from I know not where, poured into the city from all directions early this morning. Barefooted and bare-armed, they assembled for prayer at the Mosque of Hadji Bairam. Then they strolled through the streets in serious, silent, small detachments.

Old imams in green turbans and dervishes wearing peculiar tall conical caps passed from group to group, where they were respectfully saluted by the white-turbaned hadjis. They were followed at a little distance by crowds of the faithful, chattering among themselves, but wearing a penitential air — that is, for some reason looking even sadder and more miserable than usual.

What did this sudden blossoming-out of turbans signify? The Mussulman calendar did not indicate a religious anniversary. And why did these people wear such a depressed and yet indignant air? I consulted my friend Sahib Bey, an unreconstructed Liberal, but a devout Mohammedan and an uncompromising opponent of the present Government. He was wearing a white hadji turban, and obviously had something weighty on his mind. Taking me by the arm he walked by my side in silence until we were outside the town.

'What do you think of our manifestation?' he asked.

'So that 's what it is !'

'Yes; don't smile. In Anatolia the right to hold meetings, like the liberty of the press, has been abolished. The gentle Government that now rules us does not leave us any way of expressing our sentiments except by our silent presence. But that is enough. Our masters understand what it means.'

'But what is the cause of this demonstration?'

'The immediate cause is this. Yesterday one of our holy men was sentenced to death for having criticized publicly the antireligious policy of the Government. That crime, if carried out, may result in some unpleasant surprises for its authors. The faithful are irritated beyond measure by the constant assaults committed by the authorities on our religion. If Mustapha Kemal and his Freethinker partisans want war, they will get it. And it will be a terrible war. All Islam will rise against them.

'Mustapha Kemal has forgotten that is was only by the aid of Islam that he conquered the Greeks. It was only because the faithful throughout the world supported him that he was able to organize his alleged "National Movement" and put himself in power. His great cry then was "The Caliphate is in peril! The Cross is about to conquer the Crescent! Europe is making the Greeks its tool for a new crusade against us!"

'Islam rallied to his call. She furnished soldiers, arms, munitions, and money for a Holy War. In the very climax of the struggle the Dictator

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC-REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued to preach: "The Sultan, the religious chief venerated by the entire Turkish nation, must remain the great head of Islam. We shall defend the Sultanate and the Caliphate; we shall protect the House of Osman against foreign intrigues and attacks."

'But after the victory he persuaded a National Assembly, composed of his puppets, to suppress the Sultanate, to proclaim a republic, to separate Church and State, to confiscate the religious foundations, to depose the Caliph, to exile the Princes of the House of Osman. This religious persecution has been both perfidious and violent, but it has not the doctrinal character that Western Europe ascribes to it. It is only one episode in the campaign that the present rulers are waging to gain absolute power.

'Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his friends say that they merely wish to separate the temporal and the spiritual power. Don't believe them. Their purpose is quite different. They are trying to subordinate the spiritual power completely to the temporal power. They are seeking to make the religious forces of Islam serve their personal ambitions. Just now they are trying to create a National Church, or rather a "Nationalist" Church, on the model of the "Living Church" that you have seen in Russia. This church will be completely under the thumb of the Government. It is so already, for even now this secular Freethinker Government fixes the dates of our Mohammedan calendar and prescribes how they shall be observed.'

Sahib Bey stopped short. After a moment's reflection he asked: 'Do you think your paper will publish what I tell you?'

'I am sure of it.'

'Thanks. Then I 'll go on. Do you know what the men who are trying to secularize Turkey aim at? Do you know what Mustapha Kemal personally has in mind? The restoration of the Caliphate!'

'With Mustapha Kemal as Caliph?'

'Yes, while waiting to become Sultan. Mustapha Kemal Sultan, Padisha, Caliph, Lord of the Two Seas and Sovereign of Two Continents — it 's enough to make a man die laughing!'

'I 'm afraid that your indignation is getting the better of you.'

'No, sir. If you live long enough you 'll see. The Ghazi, (Mustapha Kemal) is encouraged in his secret designs by his wife, the Smyrniote, Latife Hanoum. Both of them hope some fine morning to move into one of the palaces on the Bosporus. But fear of acting precipitately keeps them for the time being at Angora.

'Just keep your eyes open and mark well what you see going on around you. And keep your ears open also. Listen even to the silence of the men with whom you talk. You 'll soon learn that nothing has changed in Turkey except on the surface. We have a new Sultan who calls himself provisionally 'President of the Republic.' To-morrow he will have himself called Kemal I or Ghazi I. Ismet Pasha will be his Grand Vizier, and everything will go on just as it has for centuries.

'Or perhaps not — I mean not as well as it used to, for the follies of our present masters are dragging Turkey down to ruin, to utter ruin. They ring all the changes on Turkey's "revival," Turkey's "new life." But I, a Turk and a Believer, tell you that my country is in her death agonies. She is dying under the blows of those who pretend to save her.'

'You 're a hopeless pessimist.'

'I am simply honest. I am telling you truthfully what the officials are making every effort to conceal from you. If you want to know the real

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turkey, New Turkey, — for it is truly a new Turkey, — you will not learn about her in Government offices, but out among the common people.'

Sahib Bey left me abruptly, possibly a little worried by the insistent way that two pedestrians in kalpacs kept at our heels. When I turned around and faced them I observed that they wore heavy moustaches, heavy boots, and under their coats heavy belts, with suspicious-looking bulges resembling revolver holsters.

I feel in this good little town of Angora very much like a tramp. It is true that I have a legal lodging, but I never venture into it except late at night, in order to avoid as much as possible the company of its other occupants — insect and human. And at the first glimpse of dawn, when my three chance roommates, most authentic unwashed Turks, are still snoring lustily, I take flight again from its pestilential atmosphere.

During the heat of the day, when nobody goes abroad and all Angora is taking its siesta, I find refuge in the café. It is the only place in the town that makes any pretense to cleanliness and neatness. Six insecure steps lead up to the entrance. A cage in which a bird chirps and flutters all day long hangs over the doorway. The room, which is of considerable extent, is adorned with mirrors, the single attempt at luxury in the national capital. It is furnished with little low tables and cane-seated chairs. An extraordinarily emaciated and apathetic waiter wanders listlessly among these tables, dragging his bare feet through the mud that covers the freshly sprinkled floor. He takes an order and transmits it to the office, some distance away, in a shrill singsong voice. This Ganymede is clothed in a pair of trousers containing more patches than original material, and incredibly ragged in the bargain, and a dirty shirt, the unbuttoned sleeves of which drag across the tabletops and into the glasses. His fez, several sizes too large for him and ornamented with a threadbare tassel, falls over his ears. His hands are as dirty as his feet.

During the siesta period the only patrons beside myself are two or three old customers, who silently smoke their nargiles or drowse over the papers. It was in this café that I happened upon my old friend Imam Abdallah. I made his acquaintance many years ago in a very different part of the world. He was then the attendant of a poor little mosque where nobody ever worshiped, which stood in the midst of an old cemetery, whose turbaned tombs were buried in a tangle of weeds and flowers. I once rescued him with a few sharp strokes of my cane from two drunken Greek sailors who were pulling his beard; and this made us friends for life.

Abdallah's career is as mysterious as his face. He has lived in Algiers, in Morocco, in Arabia, and in the Indies. He has visited all the holy places of Islam. I do not think that these journeys were ordinary pious pilgrimages. I have always imagined that this serious quiet fellow was the active agent of one of the numerous Mussulman organizations that are trying to bring together and unite all the Islamic peoples in a reformed and purified faith.

Abdallah showed no surprise at seeing me. He apparently regarded it the most natural thing in the world to run across me at Angora after these many years. His demeanor was that of a person who meets an acquaintance whom he saw yesterday and is accustomed to see every day.

I copied his discretion, for I suspected that Abdallah had not dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covered my habitual retreat by accident. Nothing passes unobserved at Angora, and every stranger is kept under strict, albeit unobtrusive, surveillance. My old friend seemed anxious to have a talk. I broached at once the great question of the moment: 'What do you think of the Caliphate?'

'I think that France is making a mistake in showing no interest in the subject. . . . The question is a simple one. Abdul-Mejid was regularly elevated to the supreme headship of Islam. His election was unanimously approved. He is and he will remain our religious head until another Islamic Congress shall have appointed his successor.'

'Do you think, then, that he will be deposed?'

'Yes, because he violated the law of Islam in obeying Angora's decree depriving the Caliphate of temporal power. It was at that time that Abdul-Mejid should have appealed to the whole Mussulman world, and not after his deposition and expulsion from Turkey. But let me repeat, in spite of this serious error, we recognize him as the head of our faith. It is in his name that, in the secrecy of our hearts, we repeat our daily prayers, and he will hold that place until the Congress we propose to call shall have authoritatively, and without duress from any source, acted upon this question.'

'Do you believe that Mustapha Kemal Pasha really plans to seize the Caliphate?'

'Yes, and we are convinced that he would have done so long ago if it had not been for the vigorous opposition of Raouf Pasha, and if his agents had not warned him of the feeling among the faithful. Did he not say once: "The Caliphate, the symbol of Islam, at present resides in the bosom of the Great National Assembly"?

'It is only a step from that to having the Assembly transfer this authority to himself. But Mustapha Kemal has not dared to take this step. Moreover, he does not possess any of the conditions demanded of candidates for the Caliphate, and Islam will never forgive him for the sacrilege he committed, with the complicity of a secular Assembly elected under duress.'

'Will the new Caliph be a Turk?'

'That is the secret of God and of the disciples of the Prophet. But it is certain that the present Government will never let the representatives of Islam fix the residence of the new Caliph in Turkey. I regret it, because Turkey is my native land, and it was a great honor to have the leader of the faithful reside within her borders. But the Government of Mustapha Kemal is not immortal. Sooner or later the Caliphate will return to Turkey. She is the only country capable of giving it the temporal support that the law of Islam regards as inseparable from spiritual power.'

Abdallah broke off our conversation to attend the services of the first day of the Season of Sacrifice at the principal mosque. The dates of this observance had been specified by the secular Government of Angora. The papers published a few days ago the following notice, which I quote verbatim: —

'The Secular Office of Religious Matters of Angora announces that the first day of the Kurban-Baïram has been set for next Sunday, it having been provided that the lunar month of Zilhidje commenced last Friday, and that the Season of Sacrifice shall terminate on the tenth of the same month.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN RUSSIA'S BORDERLANDS. III

BY DOCTOR ERICH OBST

From *Kölnische Zeitung, October* 15–19
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

We cannot measure the industrial centre of the Ukraine by the same rule that we should apply to the Ruhr or Upper Silesia, for mining and manufacturing are entirely subordinate to agriculture in her economic life, as they are in all other parts of Russia. Three fourths of the population of the Ukraine are engaged in farming, and but ten per cent in manufacturing and mining.

The aspect of the country even here, where industry has its home, bears out these facts. The Donets region is an agricultural district, interrupted at intervals by mine-heads and furnaces. As a consequence, labor is abundant during the winter, but in the summer the fertile land exercises an irresistible attraction for the peasant, and the dark mine-galleries are apt to be deserted. Most of the workingmen whom I have met are coal-hewers, furnace-laborers, or peasants, according to the season of the year. There is scarcely a family in the whole Donets Basin that does not own or operate at least four or five acres of land and keep a cow.

Yusovka! Practically the whole town is dependent in one way or another upon the iron and steel works that have made it famous — the largest establishment of the kind in Russia. To-day, of course, the latter has been nationalized, together with its twenty-seven coal mines, chemical works, and other ancillary industries. This great enterprise is now managed by a young 'Red Director,' a former boiler-maker. Now I am not such an admirer of the Bolsheviki as to expect miracles from them. I have come to Russia for the very practical object of ascertaining just what business conditions are, and I can see the shadows as well as the light. At some places I have had unpleasant experiences with Red Directors, and am free to confess that they are not always a blessing to the business in their charge. But here I have found an exception. The right man is in the right place. He is a hard-working, shrewd, modest, able fellow, whole-heartedly devoted to his duty. I record this fact with the more appreciation because this young man is so obviously working primarily for the love of the Cause. His salary is considerably lower than that of many of the engineers under him; for no member of the Communist Party occupying the position he holds is allowed to receive more than 150 gold rubles ($75) a month, while his chief engineers are paid from 200 to 300 rubles and even more. I do not venture to say that this is the right principle to follow, for it places less conscientious men under a very strong temptation to increase their moderate incomes in illegitimate ways.

The management at Yusovka received me cordially and gave me every opportunity to study their establishment. Three of the five blast furnaces and two of the three Martin steel furnaces are in operation. Donets coal and Krivoy-Rog ore are converted into pig iron, steel ingots, sheet iron — particularly roofing-plates, rails, and several other manufactured and half-man-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ufactured shapes. The establishment makes a good impression, but stands in urgent need of modernizing. At the present time it is running on State bounties, but it is hoped to discontinue them as soon as the by-product coke-ovens now under construction and the chemical works are producing and the entire plant is operating at full capacity.

For the time being, the works are running on about a fifty-per-cent basis. Reckoning the outputs for 1913, the last year of peace, as 100, their product during the business year 1923–1924 was as follows: pig iron, fifty-one per cent; steel, forty-three per cent; rails, eighty-nine per cent; miscellaneous shapes, twenty-one per cent; roofing-plates, 140 per cent. These results are fairly satisfactory, taken in the large, although rise in labor-output seems to bear no relation to the betterment of wages, and the products leave much to be desired in respect to quality. Furthermore, the Yusovka works are living at the expense of several neighboring establishments, which have been dismantled in order that their machinery might be transferred to this point. Of the 130 blast furnaces in Russia before the war, only thirty-five are in operation, and the total product of pig iron has fallen from over four and a half million tons to about 160,000 tons.

The iron and steel works proper, which at present employ about 10,000 men, also control twenty-seven coal-mines with approximately another 10,000 workers. But of these mines seven are nonproducers, though their pumps are kept working in order to prevent their water from flooding producing mines in the neighborhood. I made a complete inspection of the best of the latter, where the men are working at faces more than 2000 feet below the surface — the deepest in Russia. While the equipment is not modern, it is in reasonably good order. I could not understand why miners are compelled to labor for eight hours in the dust and bad air of the very defectively ventilated workings, while office employees as a rule have only a six- or seven-hour day. Another unfair arrangement, which was frankly criticized by the men in charge, is the disproportionate number of men working above ground. They constitute fifty-two per cent of the force, while only forty-eight per cent work in the mines themselves.

Low labor-output and high wages account for the fact that it costs twenty-one kopecks a pood — nearly $6.40 a ton — to put this coal at the pithead, or about $1.40 more than the prevailing price for such coal in the markets of the world. Some other mines are doing a little better than this, but in no case are they producing coal as cheaply as it can be bought abroad. When we add to this the fact that the iron ore from Krivoy-Rog and the manganese ore from Nikopol likewise cost more to produce than their price in the world market, we can easily see that the Russian iron and steel industry, even leaving out of consideration the inferior quality of its products, cannot meet outside producers on equal terms.

Obviously the Soviet Government faces here a very difficult problem. If it shuts down its mines, furnaces, and rolling mills, not only will it throw many thousands of laborers out of work, but it will become absolutely dependent upon foreign capitalism. On the other hand, if it continues to operate them it must subsidize them heavily at the expense of the rest of the country. It has elected to adopt the latter policy for political reasons. But it is a live question how long it will be possible to continue that course without inviting a depreciation of the *chervonets* and upsetting the whole price-system of the country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The authorities think they have discovered a way out of their difficulty. Proceeding on the assumption that their mines, furnaces, and mills are not paying because they are not run at full capacity, they keep reducing the number in operation. But this is by no means a panacea. The domestic market is unable to absorb even the present reduced output. It can neither utilize the coal and iron and steel produced nor pay for them. The reciprocal indebtedness of the numerous State trusts is already so enormous that no one, unless he had the unlimited powers of a Dawes Commission, can hope to adjust and cancel it. But since the domestic market is not able to absorb the product of even a reduced number of works running at full capacity, the only recourse would be to export. That brings us to the question whether the Russian Government has money enough to finance such an experiment in dumping. It is for the future to answer.

A carriage was courteously placed at my disposal by the management of the Yusovka works, with which to visit, independent of all control and guidance, other places in the vicinity. I had a delightful trip over the prairie, but discovered nothing particularly new. An honest effort is being made to revive the industries of the whole Donets region after their long prostration, even if they cannot be operated immediately at a profit. Small foundries and machine shops are beginning to show a little sign of life wherever the ruthless destruction of the civil war left them the means of resuming operations. Some of them are wrecked beyond all hope of restoration. We must bear in mind that when the civil war was over the iron works around Moscow were producing eleven per cent of their prewar output, those in the Urals nearly eight per cent, while in the Donets district, which is the most important of all, they were turning out only two and one-half per cent.

As I drove for hours across the prairie, with its inexhaustibly fertile soil, I meditated much on these conditions. Are the people here happier than they used to be? The wages of the workers are in a sense adequate; the unemployment dole is higher than in Western Europe, even though it is exceedingly low in comparison to the cost of living; the children of the working classes are looked after far better than they were formerly. But in spite of the larger attention paid to social welfare, I have not seen a single happy face. Everyone looks depressed and gloomy. Do the people fear that the new Government will not be able to find funds to continue its present policies? Have they a presentiment that a class government, striving solely to secure justice for a single class, cannot permanently survive? I have found no final answer to this question.

I drove through the picturesque streets and lanes of Eupatoria, a town of 30,000 people on the west coast of Crimea. The mid-September sun was oppressively hot. The beach, probably the best beach in all Crimea, was alive with summer visitors; it was Western Europe. But the old city, with its narrow, crooked streets, its churches, temples, and mosques; with its bright market heaped with mountains of melons, apples, pears, and grapes, and great trays of fish, meat, and salt; and with its primitive inns crowded with Russians, Jews, Turks, Tatars, German colonists, Greeks, and Bulgarians, was not Europe — it was the East.

From here I continued my journey by carriage for hours across the uninhabited steppes. The distant blue silhouette of a remote mountain range hovered on the horizon. Suddenly a broad valley opened ahead, and en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bosomed in it was a little sea of roofs — Simferopol, the seat of government of Crimea.

The Tatar character of the town was evident the moment we reached the suburbs. All the street names and business signs were written in Russian and Tatar; the black lambskin fez was as common as the Russian cap, and more Tatar than Russian was spoken.

I stopped at the Peasants' House, a tavern which the Crimean authorities have set aside for the use of peasants who come to the capital on business for their villages. They pay nothing for their entertainment or for the hot baths that are placed at their disposal; and agricultural experts and lawyers are stationed at the building to give them free advice. The corridors of the building were crowded with free-spoken, independent-looking peasants of every nationality. One of them said to me: 'In the old days we always had to bow, to stand aside, and to let men "bawl us out." To-day it is different. The peasant is the boss of the country. Everybody shows him respect and deference. It is a pleasure now to be a peasant.'

The market and the bazaar in Simferopol were crowded and well supplied with goods. Manufacturing is represented by a large tobacco factory, and a cannery packs both fruits and vegetables.

My driver was again at the door . . . . We descended toward Yalta. For a time tall black firs and beeches bordered the winding road, whose seemingly interminable curves at length ended at a flat bushy terrace. The forest ceased and villas and vineyards appeared, shaded by graceful cypresses. An hour more and we were in Yalta, the crowded seaside resort of Crimea.

All traveling in Russia is expensive — fully twice as expensive as in Germany; but prices at Yalta were the highest I have ever seen. To be sure, only private guests, who are looked upon as 'nepmen' and profiteers, have to pay them. A great majority of the visitors are protected from this shameless exploitation because they have exceedingly cheap accommodations at the homes established by their trade-unions or coöperative societies, and by hospital funds. The luxurious villas of the Russian aristocracy along the coast of Crimea have been confiscated and turned over to these organizations. Each trade-union, friendly society, government department, or municipal government that was able to do so promptly snatched up some property of this sort and converted it into a sanitarium, a convalescents' home, or a vacation camp. As a result, working people and government employees throng Yalta and give the place its character. The old-time luxury and elegance have disappeared, but sunshine, climate, and a back-to-nature life — that is a little appalling to the Western visitor — compensate for them.

After one of the most beautiful excursions of my life along the coast to Livadia, Oreanda, and Alupka, and a glorious sea-bath, I answered the stern call of duty and took an old side-wheeler of antediluvian aspect — which, had I been Dzerzhinskii, I should never have permitted to bear my name — to Theodosia, Kerch, and the coast of the Sea of Azov.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

BY SIR FRANCIS DARWIN, F. R. S.

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, October 25*
(London Popular Journal)

The earliest days of my youth were spent at Down, near Bromley, in Kent, to which my father removed a few years after he married, and where he lived until his death. In those days Down was a tiny, quiet village, with only one street. Our house was a rambling one, which grew as my father's family increased, for he added to it in several ways.

One of its most noticeable characteristics was what was called the 'sand walk,' a pathway encircling a little wood. Here he used to take his daily exercise, walking round and striking his iron-shod stick loudly against the ground, and producing a rhythmical click, of which I have a very distinct recollection.

Among other mementos of my father's life, I have, in my study, the large circular rotating table, covered with blue baize, in which he kept his papers. I have also the chair in which he sat when at work. It is noticeable because the seat is much higher above the ground than in most chairs, and my father made it higher still by putting cushions in it, for it was a characteristic of his that he avoided, as far as possible, any curvature of the body.

It will probably surprise those who regard my father's views as antagonistic to the Church to learn that, as children, my brothers and sisters and I went to church. My father, naturally, did not attend service, but my mother went with us, and we all sat together in a large pew, lined with green baize, near the clergyman's desk. In those days children wore elastic-side boots, and I recall amusing myself during service by pulling out the India-rubber threads and using them as miniature harp-strings.

I confess that my attendance at service was one to which I had a distinct objection, a characteristic, I suppose, I shared with other children of that and the present time; but of course I had no choice in the matter. Coming out of church, often cold and hungry in the winter, I remember seeing the laborers standing about the porch wearing green or purple smocked frocks and tall hats.

Another recollection is of Sir John Lubbock, the father of the late Lord Avebury, who used to attend service in a wonderful fluffy beaver hat.

Like other children, we wore our best clothes on Sunday. As soon as we got home, however, we took them off and put on our week-day garments. I remember, though, one Christmas Day, climbing a holly tree in my best Sunday clothes and coming down covered with green powder from head to foot. My father was annoyed at the destruction of the suit, which made a great impression on me, for anything approaching anger in him was almost unknown. He was always exceedingly genial and sympathetic with all of us, and much interested in everything which concerned his children, so that we never regarded him as the great scientist, as the world outside did, but as a very tender father and our best friend.

Our chief amusement was playing at soldiers. We had toy guns, for which we made wooden bayonets and knapsacks, but I cannot remember whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we had uniforms. I was only a private, and I had to do sentry duty at the bottom of the kitchen garden, until a bugle call, blown by my elder brother, who was a sergeant, released me. We also played a good deal with tin soldiers, whose coats my mother reddened with sealing-wax, so as to make Britons of them. We also played cricket, and used to score by cutting notches on a stick, a method which was used in the match between All Muggleton and Dingley Dell, as recorded in the *Pickwick Papers*.

SIR FRANCIS DARWIN
(From a drawing by 'Tom Titt')

An outstanding memory of those early days is of Miss Sarah Wedgwood, a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter who gave his name to Wedgwood ware. As I was only eight when she died, and she was eighty, it will be readily understood that she seemed preternaturally old to my infant eyes. She made a deep impression on me, for she was a spinster, deeply impregnated with hygienic ideas, which induced her to put on gloves whenever she had to shake hands with anyone, while as for kissing any of us children — that would have been too terrible to be thought of.

When I was twelve I was sent to a grammar school at Clapham, where I remained for six years, until I went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, at eighteen. The undergraduate life at Cambridge in those days was not noticeably different from what it is now. The great universities are necessarily conservative in their forms and habits, which have been crystallized by centuries of tradition. Of course, in those far-off days no one dreamed of 'sweet girl graduates,' but times change, and Cambridge has had to change with them, for the town has grown greatly since my undergraduate days.

I made friends with some of the elder dons, and perhaps the first place in my regard must be given to Alfred Newton, then professor of Zoölogy, who used to invite us to his rooms in Magdalene College on Sunday evenings. There we smoked our pipes and enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content. At Newton's rooms we met many older members of the University. Among them was G. R. Crotch, of St. John's. He was decidedly curious in his habits, for he used to dress entirely in black flannel, shirt, coat, and trousers. He was an entomologist, and used sometimes to take me with him beetle-catching. For this purpose he finally went to the United States, where he died.

Another friend of those days was John Willis Clark, then Curator of the New Museums, who encouraged me to work in his departments, and filled me with pride when he accepted, for the museum, a preparation of the inside of a hedgehog. I used to dine with him and his mother at Scrope House, and it was there that several of us were introduced to good claret. I well remember Mrs. Clark, who was a rather masterful old lady, saying to me: 'Drink your wine like a good boy, and don't talk nonsense,' as though that summed up the whole duty of undergraduate man.

I was not overstudious at Cam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bridge, but I became a medical student, and worked for the Natural Science Tripos. However, I took my degree in mathematics, for which I was coached by James Stuart, the only man, I believe, who ever made mathematics entertaining and amusing to one who had no particular head for the subject.

When I left Cambridge I went to St. George's Hospital, with the intention of becoming a medical practitioner. During my life in London as a student I lived with my uncle, Erasmus Darwin, who, as 'Uncle Ras,' was beloved by all his nephews and nieces. While at St. George's I used to go to the Zoölogical Society's dissecting-room, where the late Dr. Garrod allowed me to help him in his work. Although it did not do much in the way of educating me, it was the beginning of science.

All this preliminary work led to my becoming assistant to my father, and on the death of my first wife I went back to live with my parents at Down, where I found that the old nursery had been turned into a laboratory for me.

Later I went to work under Sachs, at Würzburg, and afterward with De Bary, at Strassburg. Sachs, who was a great physiological botanist, was very kind and helpful at the time, but our relationship came to an unhappy ending. Some years later, in what I regarded as a harmless paper, I criticized some of his researches. Soon after I had occasion to write to him, but received no answer. Partly for this reason and partly to see a friend of mine, I went to Würzburg. When I called on Sachs I asked him why he was angry with me. He replied: 'The reason is very simple. You know nothing of botany and you dare to criticize a man like me.' Soon after, I returned to work with my father at Down, regretting the months which had been spent away from him.

THE EVASIVE CHRISTMAS TREE

BY GEORGES POPOFF

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts-Tidning, December*
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

Christmas's most beautiful symbol, the gayly ornamented, candlelighted Christmas tree, is not so common in Russia as in the West. Indeed, in many parts of that vast country — for example, on the Volga steppes — our proud Northern spruce is rarely found. One might have to search a thousand versts to discover one. The only tree that remotely resembles it is an ugly, knotty pine, which no one wants.

Several years ago, at the beginning of the World War, I spent Christmas at the home of my uncle, who was Chief of Police in a small city on the Volga. His wife was German, and for that reason the whole family celebrated Christmas with more gayety and formality than was usual in the neighborhood. We must have a beautiful spruce Christmas tree. But how? In those good old times few things were impossible for a chief of police in Russia, but in this instance a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas tree seemed to be among the exceptions.

The nearest spruces were said to be in Penza. But since Penza was seven hundred versts away, we had to ask the station agent to have a locomotive-engineer bring one from that point. My uncle and his son set out to negotiate the matter, and I followed along. The station agent, a small man with a fiery-red, alcoholic face, received us most graciously. For a long time he did not suspect the real purpose of our visit, because, according to old custom, my uncle began to talk about all possible political questions: there was once more sharp fighting in Galicia; Berlin was not to be captured by the way of Warsaw after all, but through Cracow; Nikolai Nikolaevich beat up his generals, and so forth. But finally the conversation approached the Christmas tree.

'My children give me no peace — they insist on having a spruce tree for Christmas. Could n't you arrange to get one for us from Penza through one of your locomotive-engineers?'

'Spruce trees?' cried the station agent gayly, almost enthusiastically. 'As many as you want. The day after to-morrow I'll send you a hundred.'

My uncle modestly protested: 'Why a hundred? We need only one.'

'It won't do any harm, *nichevo.* In any case, I'll send you ten.'

The matter being thus settled, the conversation once more slipped back to Galicia, the impending capture of Berlin, Archduke Nikolai Nilolaevich, and so on. But when we left, my cousin, who was a pert sort of lad, thought it worth while to remark casually, 'Don't forget, my dear sir, that we must have a spruce. Ordinary pine trees we do not need.'

The station agent seemed very much surprised. 'What's the difference? But if you want a spruce, I'll insist that the engineer get one. Spruce trees, not pines,' he repeated once more, laughing loudly and with self-satisfaction while accompanying us to our waiting sleigh.

Two days passed. Then our old coachman, Zavarzin, a good-natured Tatar, came into the living-room and announced that the station agent had sent the promised trees. We all ran out in the yard and saw a sled looking like a forest, a towering load of at least two hundred — pine trees. Our disappointment was crushing, and was expressed by a general wail.

But when the wandering forest was sent back to the station agent he was offended and declared with bewilderment: —

'But you said expressly that you wanted pines and not spruces!' Then he laughed again, made a polite gesture, and murmured soothingly: '*Nichevo, nichevo.*'

Now followed the second act of the tragedy. The all-powerful District Police Chief, my uncle's superior, appeared as our friend in need. To him the matter seemed very simple, and he gayly declared: —

'Very easy; to-day I'll send my *stanovoi pristav* to Shigony, — it's quite near, only two hundred versts,— and there you find spruces in great quantity.'

Thus the sky once more brightened. The outcome seemed certain, because when a District Police Chief, who moreover has a title of *ispravnik*, commands something, his *pristav* must take down the stars, if necessary, to please him.

Again a couple of days passed. Then there appeared at the house, hesitating and embarrassed, a queer figure, a kind of police officer or soldier,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half-frozen or drunk — or perhaps both. He made a military salute and began his address: '*Vashe Blagorodie!*' His head and ears were wrapped in an unmilitary manner in a red woolen cloth, so that we solicitously inquired what had happened to him.

'I have a toothache,' answered the fellow in a hardly audible voice, and he looked the part. The Russians call this kind of toothache *flus* and imagine it is fatal.

In spite of his obvious suffering, the guardian of the law announced that in addition to his toothache he had also brought the desired spruce tree. In Shigony, he said, there were no spruce trees to be found, although he had searched far and wide, and therefore he had traveled one hundred versts farther on, to the neighboring estate of Uvarovo. There he has succeeded in securing the desired tree.

'Unfortunately only one,' he said. 'But a real beauty,' he added not without pride, despite his toothache and its anticipated outcome.

Keen with expectation, we ran out to the yard, and no one who has ever dealt, either officially or privately, with a genuine Russian *stanovoi* will doubt me, or take it to be a practical joke, when I say that out in the yard stood a single scrawny, frozen, pitch pine.

'But that 's a pine and not a spruce,' we all groaned, letting our hands drop in despair. Whereupon the *stanovoi* said '*Nichevo,*' and looked around with an embarrassed air. But only scornful glances met him.

Meanwhile the twenty-fifth of December was drawing near. No light on the horizon. Whence would help come? Galicia for a spruce tree! But Heaven had pity, because German customs seem to be esteemed in Heaven. This time it was the Superintendent of the State Domains who appeared in the rôle of good Saint Nicolas. He was a well-fed gentleman with a dyed moustache, conscious of his dignity. He told us amiably: 'On my estate there are more spruce trees than grains of sand in the sea. Let me send a written order with your coachman to my head forester, and he will cut you a couple of the finest fellows there.'

Whereupon His Excellency sat down, remarking casually without any apparent reason, presumably from old habit, '*Nichevo,*' took pen and ink and paper, and prepared to write; but before he had time to dip the pen into the ink my cousin interrupted the lively conversation which my uncle had begun about Galicia, and the imminent capture of Berlin, to observe in a polite tone of voice, such as should be used when speaking to Excellencies: —

'I beg your pardon, Your Excellency, but perhaps you will be kind enough to note that we absolutely must have spruce trees, and not pines. These two terms have already led to misunderstandings twice.'

His Excellency hesitated a moment, wrinkled his brow, grumbled something which sounded like 'Of course, of course,' and proceeded to write. He sealed the envelope and turned his ukase — the strictest of all commands — over to my uncle.

An hour later our coachman Zavarzin, accompanied by the good wishes of the whole household, and with the ukase in his pocket, drove off at full speed in his sleigh. A day of expectant waiting passed. Then he returned, but with empty hands, without either spruces or pines. A general, hopeless, uncomprehending silence followed. Then our questions burst forth.

'Were there really no spruces in the public forest?'

With his customary iron logic, Zavarzin replied: 'Of course there were spruces — beautiful, genuine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spruces, not ordinary pines. But His Excellency the Superintendent of the State Domains had expressly written in his order that two pine trees were to be cut. Consequently the forester refused to deliver any spruces. The pines he offered me I naturally did not take.'

Wise old Zavarzin! I greet your Tatar mind! Now I understood how it was possible for a small group of Mongolians to rule for centuries the great Muscovite people. A station agent, a Chief of Police, and an Excellency mumble in chorus '*Nichevo!*' and do everything wrong. But the old yellow Tatar laughs maliciously.

Things now took their natural course. His Excellency tore up the first order and wrote another. This time he commanded that two spruces should be cut and not two pines.

Then Zavarzin was sent off once more. This time he was equipped less with the good wishes of the family than with the vodka of all Orthodox Russians. Again expectant hours passed, but at last he returned a conquering hero. In his sleigh lay two straight, well-grown spruce trees with splendid, green needles.

Now comes the epilogue. One of the two spruce trees went straight into the drawing-room, which it soon filled with a delightful fragrance. The other was stored in the barn, because the wife of the colonel, who was also a German, had asked for it — naturally under pledge of silence, for at that time, in 1915, even as to-day, everything in Russia had 'political consequences.' The only difference was that then butter and coffee cost considerably less.

But contrary to expectations, this Christmas tree intended for the German wife of the Russian colonel had no political consequences, but others of a different kind. The very same day the colonel's orderly appeared, and said that the *Komadirsha* wanted her spruce tree. He was asked to wait, and Zavarzin was ordered to get the tree in the barn.

Zavarzin looked embarrassed, but he kept a straight face and hesitatingly went outside. Or perhaps he only pretended to go out. At any rate, he returned after a while a bit uncertainly, scratched his head, and said in a low voice, 'The spruce tree is not in the barn.'

'What 's become of it?' he was asked, abruptly and to the point — a most ordinary question under the circumstances. But the answer of Zavarzin was not at all ordinary, but rather fantastic. He declared, stammering somewhat, but yet in a clear and loud voice, and with a perfectly straight face: —

'The pigs ate up the spruce tree last night.'

Consternation! Of course we refused to believe it. Men are such skeptics! And good old Zavarzin — God be merciful to his soul! — was sent to jail by my uncle for three days, because he asserted that the pigs had eaten the spruce tree, while 'common report' insisted that he had sold it for ten rubles to a merchant named Sterladkin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY FORGERIES

BY 'PENGUIN'

From the *Observer, September* 2
(London Moderate Sunday Paper)

Whether the Bolshevist communication, about which we read so much in the newspapers at the beginning of last week, is a forgery, is a question upon which I (in common with the great majority of the inhabitants of these islands) have no right to express an opinion. Something more than a good working ignorance of contemporary politics is needed for that. But the discussion that the letter produced cannot fail to have led the thoughts of some readers to famous forgeries in the world of letters, and if I return to a subject which I handled in this column more than five years ago I hope I shall be forgiven. Forgeries in fiction are fairly common. The forged letter is almost as frequent a device as the substituted heir. The forged will has not been so often employed, though Trollope shows, in *Orley Farm*, to what excellent use it can be put. Lady Mason was, on her own confession, a forger, but I think Sir Peregrine Orme would have been happier if he had married her in spite of that fact.

James Payn's *The Talk of the Town* is another novel in which one of the leading characters is a forger. Its hero, William Henry Erin, had for his original William Henry Ireland, and the story of Ireland's Shakespearean forgeries provides the plot for the book. Payn adheres closely to fact in his narrative, for the real story of these forgeries is as remarkable a series of episodes as most novelists could invent. Ireland's father was a collector of manuscripts and autographs, particularly interested in everything relating to Shakespeare, and always eager to discover some fresh document. To please the old man, the son, when only nineteen years old, forged a number of documents which he claimed to have been written by Shakespeare's own hand. He declared that he had found these among some old papers in the house of a country gentleman of his acquaintance. They included a fragment of *Hamlet;* the complete manuscript of *Lear,* varying in some respects from the printed text; two unpublished plays, *Vortigern* and *Henry II;* and several books from Shakespeare's library, enriched with copious marginal notes. The news of their existence filled the whole world of letters with excitement. Joseph Warton, Chalmers, Dr. Parr, and other experts, pronounced them to be genuine without a doubt. Sheridan, who was then lessee of Drury Lane, paid a large sum for the right of producing *Vortigern* on the stage, though he declared, in private, that if Shakespeare did write the new plays, 'he must have been drunk when he wrote them.' Boswell, as might have been expected, outdid everybody else in his enthusiasm. Before signing the certificate of their authenticity, he fell upon his knees to kiss 'the invaluable relics of our bard,' and thanked God that he had lived to witness the discovery. 'And then,' we are told, 'being thirsty, he went out and drank hot brandy and water.'

Another literary forgery has not yet lost its interest for what T. F. Dibdin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have called the members of the bibliopolic world. About the middle of the nineteenth century there was sold by auction, in London, a collection of letters purporting to have been written by Shelley to several of his friends. These were bought by Moxon, and published in a book with a long introduction written by Robert Browning. Moxon sent a copy to Tennyson, whose poems he was then publishing. It happened that Palgrave, the editor of *The Golden Treasury*, and the son of the historian, was visiting Tennyson at the time. He opened the book, and a passage in a letter from Shelley to Godwin seemed to him oddly familiar. Further investigation proved that this and other extracts from the letters were plagiarisms from an article that Palgrave's father had contributed to *The Quarterly Review* twelve years earlier. The imposture was at once detected and traced to a man who claimed to be an illegitimate son of Byron, and who was trying to dispose of a number of forged poems which he attributed to Byron. If you possess a copy of the Shelley forgery, cherish it. It was withdrawn from circulation, and Browning's introduction is not only an admirable estimate of Shelley, but the only prose work of any length that he ever wrote.

Between 'mystifications' and forgeries proper, the boundary is not easy to define. When Scott was working on his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* he received a number of contributions from Surtees, which were received with gratitude and incorporated in the book, but which were composed by his unsolicited contributor. The same practical joker furnished Hogg with a number of spurious Jacobite ballads, which were welcomed and printed in due course. R. S. Hawker, being a clergyman, had no intention to deceive when he wrote 'And Shall Trelawny Die,' but Macaulay believed the poem to be a contemporary composition. George Steevens, the Shakespearean commentator, invented a story — it is to be found in Todd's *Life of Milton* — of how the poet was seen asleep under a tree by a lady, who, enamored of his beauty, placed in his hand some verses by Guarini, which, when he awoke, so fired his imagination that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of tracing the donor. Defoe's *Journal of the Plague* and *Apparition of Mrs. Veal*, Mrs. Rathbone's *Lady Willoughby's Diary*, and Swift's *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* are examples of books which, whatever their intention, were accepted by many readers for what they professed to be. But, as the clergyman said of *Gulliver's Travels*, there are some things in that book which one finds it difficult to believe.

Readers of French memoirs — and to me there are few more attractive books — must often wonder whether the writings they enjoy are the work of their reputed authors. According to M. Augustin Thierry, who is an authority on the subject, most of the memoirs published between 1825 and 1840 and dealing with the Napoleonic period are forgeries. Two writers, the Baron de Lamothe-Langon and Maxime de Villamarest, set up a sort of factory of these spurious memoirs, and the volumes that pass under the names of Talleyrand, de Bourienne, the Duchesse de Berry, and Constant, Napoleon's valet, are the work of one or other of these two writers. The *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui*, which, in the opinion of M. Lenôtre, give one of the best and truest pictures of Parisian society during the time of Louis XV and Louis XVI, were compiled by a man who called himself Jean-l'Evangeliste-Marie-Pierre-O' Rourke. He claimed to be a descendant of one of the kings of Ireland, and he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was enrolled in the Legion of Honor, '*comme gourmet émérite.*' In literary cookery, at all events, he deserves distinction. Charles Nodier, who won a more legitimate fame, was another writer of spurious memoirs. His *Histoire des Sociétés Secrètes de l'Armée* is still quoted by unwary historians as an authoritative work. It is written in the character of a retired officer of Napoleon's army, and gives a full account of a secret society called the Philadephes. This society, Nodier explained, had for its object the restoration of the Bourbons. Napoleon knew of its existence, and caused its chief, Colonel Oudet, to disappear in a mysterious manner. The book was accepted by Nodier's contemporaries as a serious contribution to history until the author laughingly admitted that it had not the slightest foundation in fact. But perhaps it was as true as any other history.

THE PLAY-READERS

BY H. M. WALBROOK

From *Daily Telegraph, October* 23
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE)

IN a high chair behind a table on a wet night sat a Bromide. His hair was gray and his brow furrowed; and the young people irreverently called him a Bromide because, being stricken in years, he was one of those who Know All About It and behave accordingly. On rows of other chairs in front of him sat a score or two young folk of both sexes, and they had assembled to read a play and afterward to discuss it under the fatherly guidance of the Bromide at the table. The play was one of Pinero's — a play in which a charming actress has enthralled many a London audience, and of which many eminent critics have said that it has a high value as a social and historical document. It brings in Edmund Kean by name and T. W. Robertson under a pseudonym, and it depicts in highly effective fashion the upheaval which, nearly sixty years ago, suddenly converted a dead little theatre off the Tottenham Court Road into one of the most 'alive' little playhouses in Europe. It shows the passing of an old fashion both in authorship and in acting, and the entry of a new one; and it lights up a few of the countless and poignant personal tragedies which always underlie such changes in the public taste. It also incidentally illustrates how very little the Public has to do with the beginnings of such upheavals. One or two individuals together, with a turn of Accident and a touch of Luck, start the ball rolling, and the thing is done. According to Pinero's play the whole art-form we call Robertson Comedy might have been unknown to this day but for the fact that a wealthy old gentleman who lived in 1865 had vivid memories of Kean's Richard. And the beauty of this theory lies in its entire plausibility. The history of party politics, for example, is simply packed with such little ironies.

Well, the young people began to read

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(and my present readers have, of course guessed by this time that the play was *Trelawney of the Wells*). Some of them read extremely well, others rather inaudibly; others, again, had generally 'lost the place' when their turn came, causing the Bromide to say to himself, 'Aha! The interest of the play is making them peep ahead to see what happens next.' Once or twice, too, he marked a little group of two or three whispering together when their turns had passed, and again he said to himself, 'Aha! Wonderful is the spell of the great craftsman!' At last, when the play was ended, and it became his duty to open the discussion, with how fine an enthusiasm he told those young people the story of Kean, the story of Robertson and the Bancrofts, and the story of Pinero himself from its modest and pleasant beginnings with a one-act trifle at the old Lyceum to its culmination in the deep tragedy of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and the deeper still of his master work, *Iris*. And how beautifully they listened, those young people! With how wonderful an interest, said the Bromide to himself. But he was mistaken. The truth came out when the discussion began and the young people commenced asking questions and then hazarding their own opinions not only on *Trelawney of the Wells* in particular, but on the Drama in general.

For the breath-bereaving impression he received from those ardent young students and playgoers, gathered together that rainy night from far and near to read and discuss a famous comedy, was that the drama they were 'out for,' so to speak, was not the drama of 'situations,' but the drama of Ideas; that the Ideas must be new and not old; that a play that was only capable of enthralling an audience by means of what people like the Bromide called 'great acting' was scarcely worthy of serious consideration; that the young people were not at all sure that there ever was such a thing as great acting; that, at any rate, they very much doubted the peculiar genius of a Kean or an Irving sweeping the present generation off its feet; that the one shining quality they demanded from actors and actresses was not magnetism, or passion, or charm, or anything on the physical side, but brain; that, on the whole, the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw drew nearer to their ideal than those of any other author past or present; and finally, that, when they came to think of it, they were not at all sure that even Mr. Shaw himself was not already a bit of a back number!

Such was the awful light playing on our poor Bromide's intelligence as he sped along that night under a dripping umbrella over the slippery pavements of Covent Garden. 'Great Heaven! What on earth are things coming to?' he soliloquized, as he took shelter under Inigo Jones's portico. 'Is there no sense of history, no veneration, no poetry, no romance left? What is to become of the theatre? Into what hideous abysm of mind, what horrible negation of art and beauty, are our young people sliding? Was there nothing real in Irving's Hamlet, Ellen Terry's Olivia, Wyndham's Garrick? Is Shakespeare dead? Is the art of the actor dead? Was it always nothing, and were we only fools to be swayed by it? Were we idiots and babes to weep, as we did, over that scene in *Lady Bountiful* in which the wife died in her chair while the husband, bending over the infant in the cradle, noticed how clearly he could hear the ticking of the clock? Were we mere imbeciles to be shaken, as we were, by that scene in Barrie's *Mary Rose* in which the old mother fell on her knees to pray? Is a cold-blooded dialectic going to run the show?' And he gave his umbrella a desperate shake and sent spray flying,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some drops of which fell upon the face of a massive market porter, in corduroys, who was leaning unseen against a pillar, listening to the Bromide's jeremiad, and who now came forward, and with great politeness offered his opinion.

'Cheer up, guv'nor,' said this worthy man, 'it 's all right. I 'm a bit of a playgoer myself. It 's in the blood. My father was one of Irving's stage carpenters, my grandfather saw Macready as Lear, and my great-grandfather was once stood a glass of Tokay by Edmund Kean. Lor' bless yer, sir, it 's all right. Don't you worry about Shaw an' all them folks as puts brains before beauty. An', above all, don't you go frettin' about Shakespeare. Poetry and romance, they 're all right. But the present day is a funny one. You must n't forget there 's been a war. In that war a million men of the British Empire gave up their lives. They were men with the ideals of ten years ago. That mass of idealism now lies under the turf. Ain't we bound to miss it. Was n't it certain to leave a gap? And if the only noisy people of the present day are people who can't write, or act, or feel, or do anythin' but blow their own trumpets, and get others to blow them, well, 'ow can you blame the youngsters, who don't know anythin' better, from followin' after them. That 's youth's way. Don't you get impatient, guv'nor. Come off it! Cheer up! Let the boys and girls of the present day enjoy Shaw, an' think 'im funny when 'e peppers 'is plays with langwidge such as no self-respectin' market-porter would demean 'isself by usin'! That don't matter. Shaw will pass into a little tiny stream, an' by an' by the old sunlit river of poetry an' beauty will rise between its banks in all its majesty, an' fertilize the world again!'

The Bromide stood transfixed. This experience was even more paralyzing than that of the classroom. He took a step nearer to the man in corduroys and caught him by the hand. 'It is all beyond me,' he spluttered, and his tears fell upon the porter's sleeve. 'Not a bit of it, sir,' replied the porter. 'It 's all happened before and settled down, an' a hundred years hence it 'll all happen again an' settle down. That 's what the coves with the trumpets calls progress. But did n't you notice 'ow remarkable steady pertaters kept their price durin' the recent strike? Very well, then. Poetry 's like that. Good night, sir.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HYMNS OF MAHATMAJI'S FAST

[During Gandhi's twenty-three-day fast as a penance for the rioting between Hindus and Mohammedans in India, one of his friends used to sing his favorite Hindu hymns each morning before sunrise and just before it grew dark in the evening. We print below translations of two of these hymns, which were made at the request of Gandhi's Christian friend, C. F. Andrews.]

From *Young India, November 6*
(GANDHI WEEKLY)

So long as the truth is not known by thee, all thy austerities are of no avail, even as untimely showers that serve no purpose.

What avail are ablution and ceremonial and almsgiving? What avail are the Sadbu's equipments — his ashes smeared all over his body and his matted locks?

What avail are penances and pilgrimages, the counting of beads, the mark on the forehead, the twig of tulsi, the drinking of Ganges water?

What avail are the knowledge of the Vedas, the grammarian's rules, and all the arts? What avail is philosophic erudition and a knowledge of letters?

All these things are devices which merely satisfy the outer man. So long as the truth is not known by thee, thy life is fruitlessly thrown away, says Narsinha.

He is my captive. I have purchased Him. Oh! I have purchased Him!

Some say He is too light: others say He is too heavy. I have weighed Him well, and know that I have full measure.

Some say He is too cheap: others say He is too dear. Some say He is priceless. Oh! I have paid my full price.

I paid my full price in the streets of Brindaban, whilst He was at play with Radha.

No one knows how I have secured Him. He knows. For, says Mira, He has only kept the pledge He gave me in my previous birth.

He alone is mine, naught else. I have left my father and mother, my kith and kin; in company with Sadhus have I lost all sense of shame. For He alone is mine.

I fled and sought refuge with the saints and wept to see the world. I wept tears of love, and watered the Tree of Immortality. Now He alone is mine.

On the way I met two good men, who alike had gone mad after Him. I kept them over my head. Him I kept in my heart. Now He alone is mine.

I went to the root of things, and found nothing but Him alone. The Rana sent the cup of hemlock. I drank it up, and became drunken with love for the Lord. Now He alone is mine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'SADDLEBAGS'

BY LUIS DOBLES SEGREDA

[THE story that follows is from *Por el Amor de Dios*, a collection of the author's Central American tales published at San Jose, Costa Rica, in 1918. The author, who is a teacher by profession, is one of the most popular and promising of the Central American writers, whose stories dealing with characteristic native types have a wealth of local color.]

MY mare trotted through the darkness — a darkness that made the whole Cuesta de Piedra blacker than inside a wolf's mouth. Her hoofs clicked against the pebbles and we both scanned with straining eyes the vague outline of the trail. A long whistle, twice repeated, like that of a pack-train driver, startled me. But I was at once reassured, for the voice of the driver followed immediately, 'Ye-ye-yup,' and then another whistle — evidently from somebody just ahead.

My mare quickly gained upon the unknown driver, until I distinguished vague forms in the darkness. No, it was not a pack-train — only two animals. As I spurred past, the rider spoke: —

'*Adiós, señor.*'

It was a drawling, half-humorous, half-sarcastic 'Adiós, señor,' followed immediately by the words, 'And God go with you.'

I recognized the voice. 'Hola, Saddlebags!'

'How goes it, neighbor?'

'You can see for yourself. Like a bat in the sunshine.'

'Are n't you afraid of running into something?'

'No. What?'

'The road is infested with brigands.'

'But I notice that you always take the night for the trip.'

'But I 'm different.'

'In cahoots with them?'

'God forbid, but they would get nothing from me. Besides, if I see anyone coming, you know what I do?'

'Yell at them?'

'No, pray between my teeth: —

> You may be strong,
> But God is stronger.
> Holy Trinity,
> Save me from you!

Don't laugh, neighbor. When you 're in danger just say that, and you 'll see nothing will happen to you. I 've proved it many times.'

'But nobody ever tried to hold you up.'

'True, but the road 's full of the rascals.'

'I generally travel by train.'

'By train! By train!' and the little fellow laughed as if it were the most ridiculous idea in the world. 'A train is the biggest fraud on earth. I and my horses travel as fast or as slowly as we want to, sometimes faster, sometimes slower. I stop when and where I wish, and travel by the road I choose. On the train you have to go like a prisoner with a policeman, where they take you; and you can carry with you only what they permit.'

'A good philosophy,' I said, muttering to myself, 'Here, indeed, is a candid and convinced enemy of progress.'

We thus passed the time in conversation until the electric lights of San Antonio appeared in the distance. As we approached them I studied the appearance of my companion. His hair fell in heavy, black, oily, dirty waves to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his shoulders. A matted black beard covered his face, giving his features a monkeylike aspect. His little glassy eyes sparkled and twinkled merrily in their deep sockets under his bushy brows. He wore an old felt hat, battered and torn, its rents clumsily repaired with tow-lacings, between which tufts of black hair protruded. But he sat astride his pony with all the air of a grand seignior, occasionally digging both heels into the sides of the emaciated beast, or slapping its ribs with his long, dilapidated, discolored boots, through whose ripped apertures his bare, unstockinged feet were visible. Above them his mud-caked and frayed trousers had worked up as he rode, so that an interval of bare leg was exposed. Thus he jogged on, hallooing to his two animals as vociferously as if they were a whole pack-train.

I stared with a pang of pity at his two ancient beasts, one of which was limping painfully, while the hoofs of the other were twisted so that it seemed a miracle of equilibrium that she kept on her feet at all. My companion noticed my glance.

'What do you think of the animals?'

'Wel-l-l —'

'I keep 'em for a little diversion to ride around on of a Sunday'; and he laughed with a merry eye. 'The one I am riding is the best. You can carry a brimming glass of milk on her and not spill a drop. Look, look!'

Thereupon he beat her sides with his heels, and the poor animal made a clumsy, pitiful effort to single-foot.

'But those hoofs?'

'They do no harm. She 's all the better for' em. She never stumbles.'

I noted a big bunch on the poor creature's knee. 'And that bunch, Saddlebags? What 's that?'

'Nothing, neighbor — a little accident once on a bad road. Don Paco Flores treated it but was n't able to remove it. That 's the fine little animal, though. I spotted her last year in April. She cost me eighteen pesos at the Alajuela Fair.'

'Eighteen pesos!'

'Yes, sir, but I would n't sell her to-day for thirty.'

'If you could get them.'

'If I could get them! Look, look!' and he managed to get a few grotesquely spirited paces out of the old nag.

No sooner had we reached the edge of San Antonio than children began to shout, 'Saddlebags has come,' whereupon doors flew open and various commissions were rained upon him.

'Bring me two yards of this lace. It costs seventy a yard at Don Juan Pacheco's. Don't get it from Don Jiorge, for he 's a regular Jew.'

'With much pleasure, fair lady.'

'And get me two cakes of soap at Don Amado's — the darkest.'

'Good, my soul. I 'll bring the blackest — blacker than your sins.'

'Tell Dr. Zamora that the pills he sent are no good. Tell him to send a different medicine.'

'All right. But don't trust doctors. They take your money and don't cure you. Let me give you a prescription. Give your husband chicory with molasses and rue. That 's the best thing for fever.'

'Oh, Saddlebags!'

'I really ought to have been a doctor.'

It is now November. The saddlebags of my companion are filled with commissions for the month of mourning — black ribbon, wire circlets for memorial wreaths, wax candles, and the other trappings of this sad anniversary. Next month will be December, and he will bring dolls, tin toys, and paper angels. Then follows New Year's,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he will be busy delivering greeting cards from friend to friend around his circuit. And he will sell them, saying, 'This one with the two doves kissing each other is awfully pretty. My Little Heaven, it 's prettier than your eyes. If you send it to Lico he 'll go mad with joy.' And the silly design will be examined minutely, the doves will be studied with care, and finally the card will be dropped into the girl's basket as into a nest, and she will post off forthwith to Alicia, the doctor's daughter, to address it for her.

'A penny for your thoughts, Saddlebags.'

'Oh, I was just recalling my good old days.'

'When you were a boy?'

'Yes, if you had known me then you would not know me now.'

'You did n't have such a long beard and hair?'

'No. I wear those now that I am older, to inspire respect. I used to shave every day.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, sir. And I kept animals that would make your eyes stick out.'

'Like those you have?'

'Not on your life! I had one mule for which I paid seventy-five pesos.'

'You don't say so!'

'Yes, but then I was n't Saddlebags.'

'Who were you?'

'Don Nicolás. Don Nicolás from tip to toe. I was the popular boy with the ladies then — more popular than Colonel Otoya. No, you would n't have known me. I was born in the market.'

'In the market! What do you mean?'

'I mean in the group of buildings where the market is now.'

'Oh, that 's different.'

'The whole block belonged to my mother. We were rich, but later we lost our property.'

'Bad management?'

'Perhaps. But that was n't the main reason. They say my dad once beat Padre Chico. That was our hoodoo.'

'Quite possibly.'

'I 'm sure of it. A man who beats a padre or a woman has a hoodoo. The old folks used to say when I was a boy: —

'Las mujeres y los curas, hijito,
Hay que ispialos de larguito.'

'Why did you give up the fight?'

'Well, I was poor.'

'But — ?'

'It 's nothing. My luck will turn.'

'But the hoodoo?'

'Yes. Add five and five and you have ten. The hoodoo won't last forever.'

'When do you expect your luck to change?'

'When it does you won't know me. I 'll have the best in the country. I 'll throw these clothes and these horses on the dump.'

'And your hair?'

'Not that. I wear that to inspire respect.'

'But when your luck changes — ?'

'I know. When I 'm rich again I' ll be Don Nicolás from tip to toe.' And the old man laughed — laughed as if the little imp of hope inside him were playing castanets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

A CHRISTMAS SONG

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

NEVER we needed Thee so sore
  Since the first day began.
Oh, come and knock at the world's door,
  Small Son of God and Man!
And if it ope not to Thy knock
  Shrill crying in the cold,
Break down the heart hard as a rock
  And enter and lay hold!

Not when they slew our young, and marred
  The beauty smooth and clean,
Not then, not then, our hearts were hard,
  Arid and cold and mean.
For now the weak are down, and Hate,
  And Avarice, and Pride,
These are the Lords within our gate.
  O Child, be not denied!

Oh, not in nineteen hundred years
  We needed Thee as to-night.
Yestreen we washed us clean with tears,
  Their scarlet washed us white.
There is not one green spot on the earth
  Where men nor hate nor grieve.
O Child, come to our hour of dearth
  And bid the dead heart live.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREATEST LIVING WRITER

A BELGIAN magazine rejoicing in the ambitious title *La Revue Belge de la Renaissance de l'Occident* has taken a vote of its subscribers to determine who is the greatest living writer and to rank the next greatest in their proper order. Inevitably, a Belgian wins. Emile Verhaeren leads the list with 1715 votes, followed by Anatole France with 1422. At the very end is Giovanni Papini, ranking thirty-first, with 201 votes. Another Belgian, Maurice Maeterlinck, is third, with 1243 votes. Blasco Ibañez is sixth, with 702, followed by Léon Daudet with 617, Paul Bourget with 604, and Romain Rolland, eleventh, with 503. Henri Bordeaux is nineteenth, with 305. Barrès, whose French nationalism seems to make little appeal to Belgians, is next to last, having but one vote more than Papini.

PROSPECTIVE FATE OF ARNOLD BENNETT

IT is all up with Mr. Arnold Bennett. His wife announces that she is going to write a book about him. 'A wife,' says Mrs. Bennett, 'ought to know something about what sort of man her public husband is,' and that is why she announces publication of her forthcoming work, *A Word about Arnold Bennett.*

Mrs. Bennett is quite right. She ought to know and undoubtedly does know all about Mr. Bennett; but that analytical novelist who asserts that the delineation of character is the chief part of a novelist's craft may be mildly amazed when the book at last appears — unless he censors it himself, which would hardly be sporting. Mrs. Bennett keeps a diary, and a public which remembers the wife of another famous Englishman who also kept a diary will tremble, partly for Mr. Bennett and partly in delighted anticipation.

Mrs. Bennett, who before her marriage was Mlle. Marguerite Hébrad, has previously written articles and short stories which have appeared in various magazines. But the new book is to be her 'most ambitious.'

SHOCKING BERLIN

BY the time Mr. Shaw began writing *Saint Joan* he was pretty well over the fondness of his early days for shocking his elders. Possibly that was because Mr. Shaw's elders are getting fewer and fewer. More likely it is because of the ripeness and maturity which are so apparent in his last two plays.

But the German dramatist George Kaiser, who has also just published a play on the same subject which he calls *Gilles und Jeanne*, does not yet feel the restraining touch of age. Since producing his play, which was noted in the *Living Age* at that time, the new Dramatisches Theatre in Berlin has come to grief. To do Herr Kaiser justice, it must be said that his play had very little to do with the disaster. It took liberties with history, but that is what one expects from dramatists. It was a daring interpretation, but daring goes in the modern theatre. The managers are the real sinners. Having succeeded with the Kaiser play, the Dramatisches Theatre set out to produce a series of extravagant plays which were too much even for the broadminded Berliners. Meantime the clerical party, who have a Theatre League of their own, were biding their time, and presently the Dramatisches Theatre crashed and the Catholic Theatre League stepped in and took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over. The Dramatisches Theatre will now set out upon the straight and narrow way — which is harder for theatres than it is for mortal men. There will be no triangle plays, and divorce is a barred subject.

✽

DOCTORS AT THE THEATRE

THERE is trouble in the theatre world in Paris. That is the usual state of affairs which would scarcely merit comment were it not for the oddity of the proposed reform. In Paris the law requires a doctor to be present at every theatre performance. The frugal French managers, finding it too expensive to hire house physicians, present free seats to the doctors, seeking thus to comply with the law. But the managers are getting tired because, they say, the doctors do not live up to their end of the agreement. They do not come themselves, but give the seats away to non-medical friends.

The managers now propose to make arrangements with physicians whose offices adjoin their theatres, so that they will be immediately available if called upon. The doctors, who are perfectly satisfied with things as they are, protest vigorously that, attending the theatre as they have been doing, they have treated two hundred cases during the last theatrical season — which seems to show they earn their seats.

✽

MODERN EPIGRAMS

Mr. E. B. OSBORN, literary editor of the London *Morning Post*, has been gleaning some of the best verse epigrams in a new collection called *The Soul of Wit*. The best of the lot is Mr. J. C. Squire's modernization of Pope.

Mr. Squire, who has made the London *Mercury* the most distinguished of English literary monthlies, and who failed last month to be elected to Parliament, — as every poet should, — heard someone remark one evening that there ought to be an epigram on Einstein to complete Pope's couplet on Newton: —

> Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night;
> God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

Whereupon Mr. Squire called lustily for pencil and paper and presently produced this tribute to the author of Relativity: —

> It did not last: the Devil howling *Ho!*
> *Let Einstein be!* restored the status quo.

This clever impromptu leads Mr. Osborn to observe, 'If I could arrange a platform competition among the Georgians for the Troubadour's Championship, I would lay six to four on Mr. Squire.

Mr. Osborn objects to puns, but admits — doubtless on the ground of its scholarly origin — the following summary of the Æneid written by the Greek scholar Porson: —

> When Dido found Æneas would not come,
> She mourn'd in silence and was Di-do-dum.

He rounds off his choice with a quatrain by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, 'On Lady Poltagrue, a Public Peril': —

> The Devil, having nothing else to do,
> Went off to tempt My Lady Poltagrue.
> My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
> To his extreme annoyance, tempted him.

and these biting lines on 'A Poetaster,' by the editor of the *Spectator*, who was evidently suffering from a plethora of manuscripts when he wrote it: —

> Rewrite the thrice rewritten. Strive to say
> Some older nothing in a newer way.

✽

THE FRENCH PLAYGOER

IN the columns of the *Stage*, a British weekly devoted exclusively to 'the profession,' Mr. Graham Sutton de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scribes the tastes and habits of the French theatregoer.

The Frenchman is not, I think, a very fervent playgoer [says Mr. Sutton]. 'The average Frenchman,' I was told by a friend in a little village of Picardy recently, 'is a stay-at-home chap. He spends the evening with his family.' This would account in part for his indifference to the theatre; playgoing, as Mr. St. John Ervine pointed out the other day, not being specifically a 'family' activity. Another reason that suggests itself to me is that he is also a talkative chap. His work done, he forgathers — very often with his family — at the nearest café or bal; his daughters dance, on a floor laid among the plane trees (you have time to get about twice round the floor for your sou before the music stops). Father sits round at little green tables drinking mild beer or infinitesimal liqueurs, and argues with his acquaintances. On Sunday nights the most rollicking spirits keep this up till midnight, but during the week the average small town is as silent as the tomb by ten o'clock. In any case the Frenchman lacks that passion to be entertained which makes for theatrical enterprise. He can amuse himself.

Mr. Sutton's remarks apply rather to the provinces than to Paris, though even the French capital is conservative in its dramatic taste.

Boulogne this summer affords a striking instance of the apathy of provincial France to things theatrical. For some months a strike has been in progress against the local entertainments-tax, which is considered too high. The Kursaal and all the picture-houses are closed. On the other hand the Casino Theatre and the Municipal Theatre are aloof from the strike, because they are both municipal properties, and the tax does not affect them. Here, obviously, would seem to be the chance for these two theatres to increase their clientele and to make money. The Casino Theatre is doing so; it has a first-class opera company for the whole holiday season, and on the two or three occasions when I was there the huge auditorium was packed to the doors. Not so the Municipal. The Municipal follows what is, so far as I can judge, the normal policy of French provincial theatres.

✽

THE LIFE-SAVING ASTRONOMER

THE London *Sunday Times* vouches for this tale which seems to prove that — without appealing to chronometry — astronomy is a practical science after all: —

The Astronomer Royal, Sir Frank Dyson, tells the story of a remarkable experience. Once on a day his telescope was accidentally shifted downward, so that it commanded not the sky but part of the neighboring London. Straight in front of him he saw a church steeple down which ran a crack so wide and serious that even the vibration of the organ might have caused a collapse. Turning to a map he localized the church and at once telephoned to the vicar. The latter was very flattered to be rung up by the Astronomer Royal, but when he was told that his steeple might come down any minute he thought he was the victim of a practical joker, and a good many minutes elapsed before he could be persuaded of the seriousness of the warning.

In the circumstances, the church was at once closed, for its continued use would have been gravely perilous. Had it not been for the chance discovery of Sir Frank Dyson the steeple might have come down without warning, for the crack was in such a position as to be invisible from below.

✽

MEETING KARL MARX

THE inimitable T. P. O'Connor, the 'Father of the House of Commons,' who at some time or other has made the acquaintance of every famous or merely notorious individual of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, gives a pen picture of Karl Marx in a recent issue of *T. P.'s Weekly:* —

I did not at this time, of course, realize the significance of Karl Marx, nor indeed did anybody else, and there was nothing in the man in the flesh to justify his tremendous consequences. My recollection of him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is of a small, stout, somewhat slatternly and typical little German Jew. He bore the marks of a sound love of good cheer — especially of good beer — and, if I remember rightly, his moustache showed the palpable proofs of an excessive smoker. But more powerful than any other impression — because it stands in such extreme contrast with the subsequent events connected with this man's name — was his suggestion of extraordinary amiability of temper. His eyes, soft and penetrating, danced with merriment, as did his lips.

It was just a few months after the time when men who professed to follow Marx had laid Paris in ashes.

✻

'EYE-RIMES'

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *New Statesman* digs out of the files of the *Saturday Westminster* an amusing series of verses in which each couplet rimes perfectly to the eye and hopelessly to the ear. He thinks it is too bad they should be forgotten and, as most readers of the *Living Age* will probably agree with him, we reprint them below for the sake of aiding their immortality:—

Wicked Lord Augustus Menzies
Drives his family to frenzies.

Ask his pals — they all say: 'Demme,
Cherchez (this is French) *la femme!*'

Ask the girls! Each bosom aches
At a twirl of his moustaches.

Once he swallowed for a wager
Bottles six of German lager

In ten minutes and a quarter,
Standing till the Star and Garter

Absolutely put the veto
On his future entry thereto.

Sure, such wicked, roistering blades
One day find themselves in Hades.

✻

WHERE SHERLOCK HOLMES GOT HIS NAME

THE *London Morning Post* solves a question of momentous literary import. Thanks to its indefatigable researches, we know at last how Sherlock Holmes got his name.

No less a person than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is the authority. Sir Arthur did not get his hero from the spirit world. Indeed, at that time he was not greatly interested in the spirit world, or at least his interest had not become public property. He named his detective Holmes because it was an ordinary, common name, which he used to break the Dickens tradition of names like Sharp for law officers. Sir Arthur got the name Sherlock from a cricket player against whose bowling he made thirty runs. The name of this phenomenally bad bowler stuck in his memory and eventually became the Christian name of the great detective.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

MacDonald as Diplomatist, by George Glasgow. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 6*s*.

[*Daily Herald*]

MUCH will doubtless be written during the coming months on Mr. MacDonald's diplomacy and the first period of Labor control of foreign affairs. And therefore one must congratulate Mr. George Glasgow and Mr. Jonathan Cape on the sound business instinct and the rapidity of production which has enabled them to present *MacDonald as Diplomatist* to the public at the very moment of the fall of the MacDonald Government — and presumably to reap the due reward of their commercial enterprise.

But beyond that one's congratulations cannot go. For this is a book whose construction was evidently as careless as it was hasty. It lacks unity, form, clarity. And — worst crime of all — it is inaccurate and unreliable.

[*Observer*]

FEW books have ever captured a moment more neatly, while containing lasting and substantial value, than Mr. Glasgow's. Before the closing declarations of the poll, and while the Labor Premier and Foreign Secretary is still in office for a few days, our author puts into our hands an able, orderly, and complete record of Mr. MacDonald's nine months' reign in the diplomatic seats of the mighty. That episode, whatever else may be said, was so remarkable a passage in European affairs that future historians can never ignore it. Custom and controversy have staled us to the original marvel of the thing. It was one of the romances of our time that made a Labor leader the First Minister of the British Empire and put him at the same time in the august chair at Whitehall exclusively reserved from the seventeenth century to the twentieth for members of the older aristocracy — the chair of Palmerston, Salisbury, Grey, and Curzon. The surprising sequel was that Mr. MacDonald excelled in the professional qualities of discretion and reserve in his ordinary habit, with persuasiveness or firmness as required on the greater occasions. He won the entire respect and confidence of the Foreign Office staff, which was prepared to lift up its hands when his decision to take charge of this eminent department was first announced; and that good relationship was only marred at the last moment by those hurried electioneering expressions of an overwrought man for which Mr. MacDonald will, no doubt, have the sense and grace to apologize before he quits the scene. By nature he is nothing if not courteous.

Though the book appears in the nick of time, like impromptu rabbits from the celebrated hat, it is by no means an improvization. Otherwise well known as a contributor to good journalism at home and abroad, and as a consecutive student of international affairs, Mr. George Glasgow writes month by month, with care and liveliness, the foreign *chronique* in the *Contemporary Review*. In this way, a record deliberately framed nevertheless comes up to the minute. Dr. G. P. Gooch, the editor of the *Contemporary*, — himself of the family of Sir Hubert in these matters of judgment,— writes a Foreword both appreciative and deserved.

The compact volume gives a full chronicle with commentary of Mr. MacDonald's dealings with foreign Powers from the day when he assumed office on January 22 to the crisis on October 9. It even includes a note of the successful floating of the international loan for Germany, which took place in the week following the Dissolution.

The Fugger News-Letters. London: John Lane, 1924. 16*s*.

[Leonard Woolf in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THERE are few things more interesting than an old newspaper, and it is a curious fact that the *Times* of even a year ago makes much better reading than that of to-day. Great works and mighty tomes grow stale and out of date, but a scrap of old news or of an old newspaper retains an astonishing freshness. 'Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.' If anyone doubts this statement, let him read *The Fugger News-Letters*, the most enjoyable book which I have come across for a very long time. To read it is, in effect, to be reading old newspapers of the sixteenth century. The story of the great family of Fugger is a romantic one. The original Fugger was a small weaver, but in the fifteenth century the family took to finance, and by 1500 it had established one of the largest and most powerful financial houses which the world has known. It performed all the functions of the great modern financial houses, covering the world with a network of branches and agents, financing governments and princes, and 'controlling' mines and other profitable undertakings. . . .

At the end of the century the head of the house was Count Philip Eduard Fugger. It was he, apparently, who conceived the brilliant idea of making a vast collection of 'news-letters' to be deposited in his library. The collection consists

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mainly of two different kinds of extract. The first are reports from agents or correspondents of the house who were scattered all over the habitable world. These correspondents act precisely as the modern newspaper correspondent: they report anything of interest which comes to their knowledge. They answer, in fact, to the 'Our own correspondent' or 'Our special correspondent' of the big modern newspaper. But Count Philip Eduard Fugger caused to be included in his collection a large number of news-letters similar to the reports which in our time are supplied to newspapers by the great news agencies like Reuters. The introduction to this book explains how Jeremias Crasser and his successor, Jeremias Schiffle, had an office in Augsburg, 'where the business of editing and publishing reports from all over the world was carried on,' and they 'regularly supplied Count Fugger and many other clients with their "Ordinary" and their "Extraordinary" Papers.'

One reason why these old news-letters retain their freshness and a peculiar quality of reality is that they are written on the spot by contemporaries. Here we have a report from Amsterdam, dated August 30, 1572, giving an account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, which had taken place on August 23. A correspondent with the Christian Armada at the Battle of Lepanto on October 7, 1571, writes off a description of it on October 8. 'Cenci's children,' begins another news-letter, dated September 12, 1599, from Rome, 'were executed here yesterday. The eldest son was rent asunder with two tongs, beheaded and quartered; the daughter was beheaded. . . .' Emanuel Tomascon, 'who was present at the happenings,' writes 'an exhaustive report of the way in which Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland and Douarière of France was beheaded on the eighteenth day of February of the new calendar, in the castle of Fotheringay in England.'

The Naval Side of British History, by Geoffrey Callender. London: Christophers, 1924. *7s. 6d.*

[*New Statesman*]

This is one of those rare books which make it necessary to warn uncles, godfathers, and other patrons of small boys, lest, having purchased it to give away, they should be guilty of the gross selfishness of retaining it for themselves. It looks so expensive and is so cheap, with its two photogravures and its sixteen other illustrations, its chaste binding and admirable type, it is so obviously the thing to offer high-spirited youth for a birthday or at Christmas, but let the intended donor beware against so much as opening it. If he does, it is a thousand to one that it will find and keep a place on his own bookshelves. For Mr. Callender is one of the small band of experts who write as if they enjoy it. He takes one through four hundred years of history at the sort of brisk alternation of canter and trot which is every bit as good for a middle-aged liver as for the hot blood of youth. He has such strong opinions and is so doughty a champion of his favorites, so outspoken in contempt of their detractors and so full of zest and enthusiasm, he gives such a wide berth to technicalities and so obviously knows what he is talking about, that the most inveterate landsman will be carried away in spite of himself, and those whose curiosity and interest in sea-power is strong and keen in inverse proportion to their knowledge will find it difficult to estimate their debt to him. And, perhaps, the most grateful of all will be those who have learned and taught enough English history to appreciate to the full the refreshment of looking at it over again in a new perspective — the perspective of the telescope.

Priscilla and Charybdis, by C. E. M. Joad. London: Jenkins, 1924. *6s.*

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

In Victorian times advanced people led an abstemious and moral life; if Mr. Joad is correct, the contemporary apparent Intellectual or Bohemian is, in plain language, an amusing scoundrel. The University Lecturers in two of his stories take joyously to such trivial faults as blackmail. Despite his really amusing cynicism and transposition of ordinary values, Mr. Joad is certainly a didactic, for five of his seven stories are argumentative allegories. 'Getting Work' voices earnestly the unspoken hardships of present-day unemployment. 'Divorce by Photography' is a skillful attack on feminism, though the tune is old. 'The Case of Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Hayes' contrasts self-righteous convention with embarrassing honesty. The stories are brilliant, but they hardly have the French deftness of touch which has been claimed for them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

Nothing escapes the beady eye of 'Penguin.' No sooner is the authenticity of the Zinoviev letter being discussed than he digs out countless examples of forgeries in literature. And since Literature, to many of us, is almost more important than what, for want of a better name, we call Life, the fruits of his researches are laid before our readers along with our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

In Italy not a sob was heaved at the obsequies of the Unknown Soldier — only bricks. Firing their revolvers into the air, and courageously calling each other unmentionable names, it was fortunate indeed that neither the Fascisti nor the Liberals suffered a single casualty except among the wounded veterans for whose benefit the fight was staged, and who do not count anyway.

* * *

Nothing more to the point has been written about Henry Cabot Lodge than Mr. Ratcliffe's little sketch. The late Senator is shown as he really was — a dyed-in-the-wool New Englander, fiercely anti-British, ferociously anti-Wilson, and not what you would call a buddy of Honest Cal's. So delicate is the subject, and so sound the treatment, that no one will fail to be infuriated by some passages and delighted by others.

* * *

The *Living Age* has lived too long to go around singing carols and ringing people's doorbells on Christmas Eve. Our celebrations are more sombre. We have with us Karl Erik Forsslund, who obliges with a few Swedish legends describing Yuletide festivities among the departed spirits.

* * *

Georges Popoff too has something of interest to relate. Few of us would feel that the season were complete unless we had direct assurance of how a Russian Chief of Police with a German wife had no little trouble in procuring a Christmas tree in 1914, and what an unseasonable calamity it proved to be for his Tatar coachman.

* * *

Mustapha Kemal Pasha has gotten the goats of the inhabitants of Angora. They suspect that he wants to be Caliph and Sultan rolled into one, and they have loaded the blame for all their woes on to his broad shoulders. As liberty of speech and freedom of the press are denied them, they all put on enormous turbans and walk around looking as if they had swallowed several handfuls of tacks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Christmas Eve

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE greets its readers with the first number of the New Year.

A substantial greeting, it is, and a pleasant one;

For this January number of Scribner's Magazine strikes us as one of the most important which the magazine has issued in its long and distinguished history.

In it is the answer of the leading liberal Republican in the Senate to "The Republican Victory — What Shall We Do With It?"

Senator William E. Borah acquires new power and prestige as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He will bulk large in the affairs of the Administration during the next four years. And what is more, he is, as one editor expressed it, "a fellow who somehow arouses admiration."

* * *

In it you may also read John Galsworthy's reminiscences of Joseph Conrad, the story of a friendship which extended over a period of 31 years.

It began on a sailing vessel in an Australian harbor before either of them was known to the literary world.

* * *

In this January number of Scribner's Magazine, also, is Albert Guérard's "Mesocracy in France — the Dictatorship of the Middle Class," a witty and intelligent presentation of democracy in France with strong inferences as to its state in America.

* * *

And we can't escape without mentioning "The Gladiators" by Lawrence Perry.

Or "Who Own the Railroads?" by Edmund A. Whitman, a prominent Boston lawyer.

Or Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan's Nobel Prize address "The Electron and the Light-Quant — What Are They?" here published for the first time anywhere.

Or Edward W. Bok's "The President."

Or Harrison Rhodes's "How To Be Ill."

There are stories by Thomas Boyd, by Sidney Howard, that literary comet who bids fair to become a fixed star; and Edwin Dial Torgerson.

"Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son" is the title of Mr. Torgerson's story.

It is worth reading twice. Once as a story, and again as an attitude toward radicalism and the younger generation.

* * *

And that isn't all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED